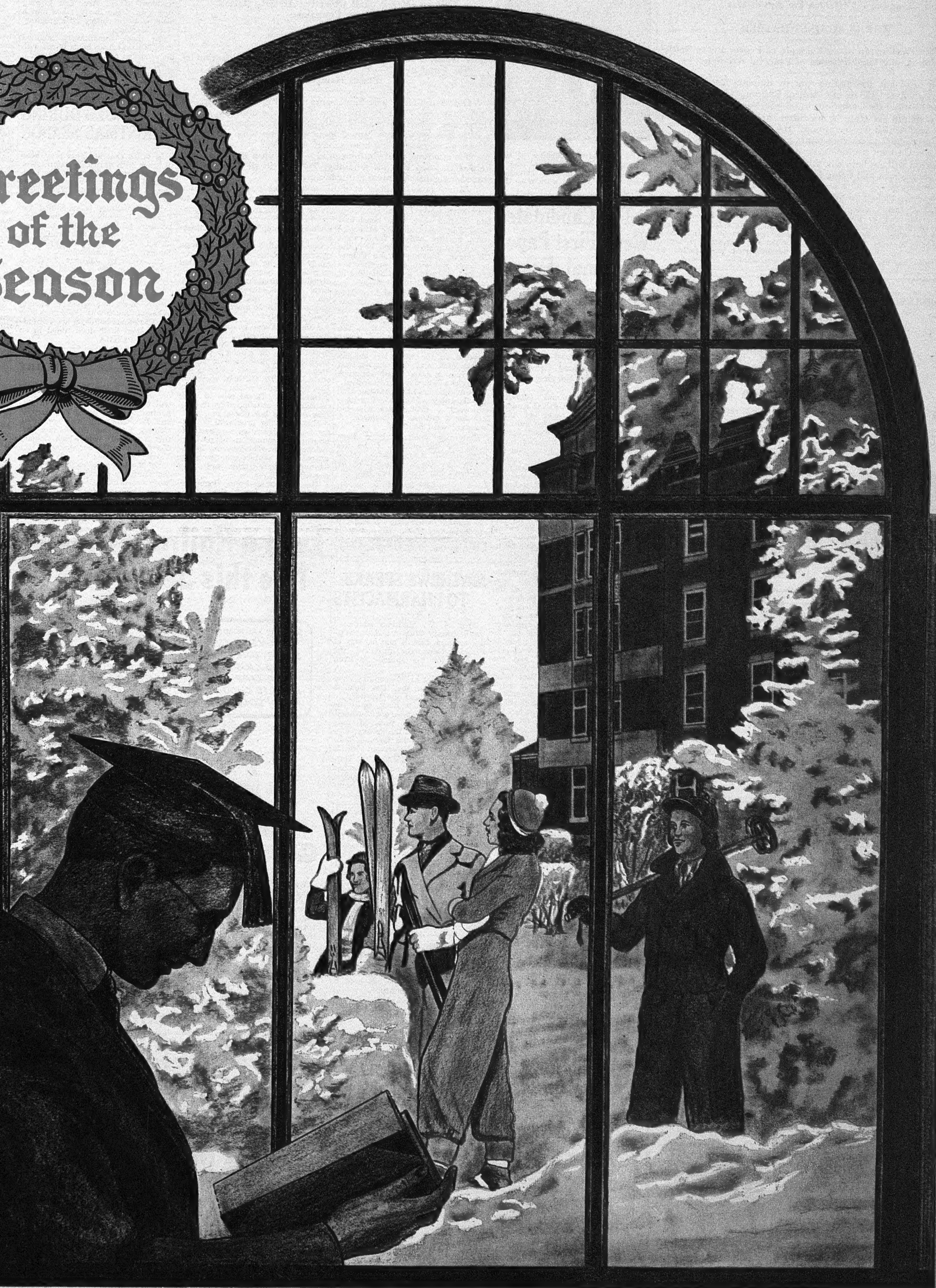


# THE GATEWAY





# Christmas Fund Put Over Top With Carnival

## Colonel Drew Outlines Future For Canadian Students During Period of War And Hostility

"We Should Get Clear in Our Minds Our Relationship to the Country With Which We Are at War"

### WARNS AGAINST HATRED

Drew Cites Wellington as an Example of Proper Peace Settlement, and Establishment of Peaceful Relations

In a brief but stimulating talk to students last Thursday afternoon in Room 158 of the Medical Building, Col. Drew outlined the attitude for Canadians to take in the present war.

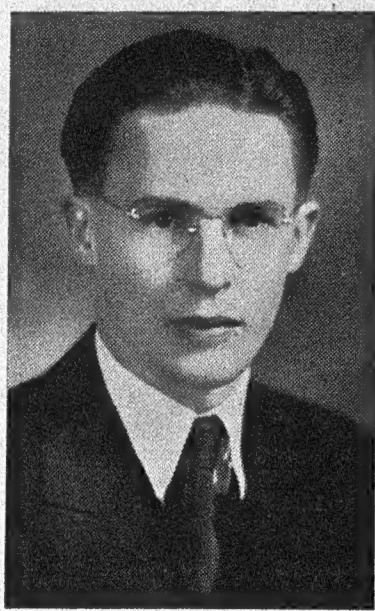
"We should get clear in our minds our relationship to the country with which we are at war," the speaker said.

He proceeded to advise against any development of hatred against the German people.

"Hatred will not help win this war," he declared. "Accuracy in dropping bombs and firing large guns is not aided by hatred for the enemy."

"Crushing Germany at the end of this war will not make for a lasting peace," declared Col. Drew. He referred to the lesson taught by Wellington in the restoration of France. This made for a lasting friendship between Britain and France. "Geography has made Canada the greatest potential air centre of the world," the speaker said. "Canada's greatest hope as a nation both spiritually and materially is active and wholehearted participation in the present war."

### FUND WORKER



Andrew Garrett, member of the Christmas Fund Committee, who is busy this week making arrangements to put charity work over the objective.

## OTC Candidates Write First Paper For Final Exams

Only Senior and Graduate Students Taking Tests—Paper Covers All Work of Term

### MILITARY REGULATIONS

Candidate Allowed to Specialize in Different Branches of the Service

Three hundred and fifty-five senior and graduate O.T.C. students wrote the first paper of their final examinations Sunday morning starting at 9 a.m. The examinations lasted 3 hours and climaxed three months of lectures and studying for many of the boys. All ranks wrote the test, most of them to obtain qualifications for promotion from the rank of 2nd Lieut. to Lieut.

Col. P. S. Warren, commanding officer, and Q.M.S.I. Robertson P.P.C.L.I. permanent force instructor, both expressed gratification for the co-operation given them by cadets and instructors, and with the achievements of the men this term. Map reading, organization, administration, field engineering, military law, and duties, are the subjects covered this term, and unit personnel will be examined on all the work they have covered to date.

This first paper was common to all arms, but after the Christmas candidates were allowed to specialize in the different branches of the army services which are available at the University. Engineering, artillery, signals, medicals, and the other branches require special qualifications, and academic course being followed by the student is carefully considered before admittance is granted. Tactics and more practical studies will be the order for the new year, and the test on these courses will be held in the spring.

Orders issued Wednesday by Col. Warren, warned members of the Officers Training Corps that the examination on Dec. 17 would be carried out under strict regulations necessary in the conduct of a military test. Students were ordered to report at 8:30 a.m., and began writing one half hour later behind locked doors. No books, pencils, or notes were allowed in the examination room. Much to the relief of many smoking was not barred, but everyone was asked out of common courtesy to be as quiet as possible. Pencils, pens and rules were required, and seating numbers of all candidates were posted on the notice board in the lobby of the Arts Building.

A long list of men who have been struck off the strength is now posted, many of these people have failed to pass the steep military test or missed more parade than is allowed. This year the C.O.T.C. course covers a much wider scope than in the past, requiring more time from the students and especially the instructors.

### Lethbridge Ball Plans Are Near Completion

Plans for the Annual Lethbridge Ball are nearly complete, and date for this reunion of undergraduates and Alumni has been set for December 27. Students and graduates from anywhere in the southern part of the province are especially invited.

Low student railway fares will make it easier for those who do not live in Lethbridge to attend. The Christmas Ball is not a supper dance or a program affair, because many guests will not arrive until a few hours before things get under way. The Ambassadors band, well known in the south, will provide the music in the main dining room of the Marquis Hotel, but informality will add to the pleasure of the affair.

Price of tickets has been set at \$1.50 per couple, with all profits from the venture being turned over to the Red Cross Society. These may be obtained from Gwen Williams, Georgia Graham, Herb Ripley, Thad Ives, or any of the Lethbridge students.

## Sat' day Night Frolic Headlines Attractions in Aid Christmas Fund; Many Destitute Helped

Tie Auction Held by Kappa Sigs, Dekes, and St. Stephen's College—Nearly Half Objective Already Raised as Many Contribute

### RADIO RAFFLED

Many Needy Families Have Been Aided Since Institution of the Fund in 1937—Provincial Department of Health Places Hampers

Old Saint Nick will have some help filling stockings on Christmas Eve. With an objective of \$500 the students of the University have been waging with success a campaign to raise a little money to give him a hand when he slips down the chimneys of poor folk's homes next week-end.

Tie auctions, contributions, and a raffle on a radio have all helped to keep the pot a-boiling. Topping it all off, students staged a gigantic carnival Saturday night.

Bingo games, games of skill, and "huckle dee buck" for aspiring baseball players were offered to any who wished to flirt with Lady Luck. Prizes, such as candies, novelties, chocolates, mirrors and so forth went to the fortunate few who beat the Chinaman. Dancing to Joe Chamberlain's orchestra was another attraction. All told, was a hot time in Athabasca Hall Saturday night.

Under the direction of Fred McKinnon, the boys from St. Stephen's have been busy preparing the booths. These were operated by the Christmas Fund Committee. The dance was managed by the House Dance Committee.

Raffle on the radio has already drawn \$100 and the winner was named in a draw taken sometime during the Saturday night carnival. Tie auction held in Athabasca Hall last Saturday added \$55. Top honors went to Prof. Jones who bid \$1.50 for a hideous masterpiece. A brassiere went for \$2.25.

Fraternity auctions have been noted for the quality of the ties offered. Delta Kappa Epsilon raised \$14.50, and Kappa Sigma \$25. St. Stephen's has contributed \$30.

### \$200 Raised

Proceeds from the basketball game between the professors and the coeds amounted to \$28.75. At present the amount in the fund's treasury is approximately \$200. All money is to be received by Monday at the latest, so that distribution of hampers may be completed before Christmas.

## MATHEWS SPEAKS TO PHARMACISTS

Prof. A. W. Mathews addressed the Pharmacy Club at a recent supper meeting. Florida and his stay at Florida University provided the material for the speech by Prof. Mathews.

Development of this country from the time when the first Spanish navigators claimed the territory in the name of their King, until the present modern state, was outlined. Historical changes received only brief comment, for the speaker emphasized largely the famous landmarks which can be seen in Florida. Pharmacy department of the University of Florida, and a comparison with the similar local institution, was also sketched by Mr. Mathews. He remarked on the fine Student's Union building at the southern university, and expressed a desire to see such an edifice on the Alberta campus before long.

Guests of the evening included Dr. F. S. Rodman, assistant professor of physiology and pharmacology, and Mr. W. Sprague, a graduate of this university who now operates a dispensary in the McLeod building. Frank Crawford and his Russian Quintet presented a comic version of some songs, and the whole program culminated in the Pharmacy yell.

Dear Teacher:

Johnny cannot come to school this morning because he has been hurt. I have given him something to make him go, and when he has been he can come.—Mrs. Smith.

I wish I were a codfish, I wish I were a bass, I'd climb upon an iceberg And slide down on my hands and knees.

## MODERN DANCE HIT LEADS HIT PARADE IN GATEWAY POLL

Still drawing top honors in the weekly Gateway poll of modern dance hits is Oh Johnny, Oh, followed again by Bing Crosby's interpretation of Ciriibirin.

In the Mood has slipped out of the spot light and has been replaced by Shep Fields and his Rippling Rhythm, asking Are You Having Any Fun? Jean Savitt takes fourth place with the cheery little greeting, Good Morning.

For those romantically inclined Tony Martin causes heart burns with his rendition of Lilacs in the Rain.

Sammy Kaye slips into sixth and final position with Moon Love.

## NEWS BROADCASTS CONTINUED DURING CHRISTMAS SEASON

In order that students may keep in touch with university affairs over the Christmas holidays, it has been decided to continue regular broadcasts of the Provincial News Service.

First broadcast is scheduled for Tuesday, December 26, at the regular time of 1:15 p.m. The program will originate in the studios of station CFCJ Calgary, with Fred McKinnon at the microphone.

On Tuesday, January 2, Bruce Keith will handle a second program from the University radio station CKUA.

The programs will include all university news, and students wishing to keep in touch with the doings over the Christmas holidays, are reminded to keep their dials tuned in on CFCJ and CKUA.

## VARSITY SPRING PLAY WILL BE IN CALGARY

February 9 and 10 are the dates on which the Varsity Spring Play will be staged in Calgary. In Edmonton, we will see it February 16 and 17. The play will appear in Calgary first due to the fact that this is the only date which Calgary can conveniently accommodate the Varsity dramatists.

At the Dramatic Executive meeting Thursday night the trip to Calgary was discussed, and plans concerning publicity for the event were made. The executive also considered possibilities for stage settings.

## Drama Contest Proposed Among Western Colleges

Pritchard Receives Letter from Saskatchewan Urging Inter-Varsity Competition

### CONDUCTED BY RADIO

Universities of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta may compete in inter-varsity radio dramas. A letter received by Fred Pritchard, head of the Provincial News department and organizer of the Student Players, from the dramatic society of the University of Saskatchewan, proffered the idea, and asked for the attitude of the Dramatic Society here.

Official organ of histrionics in the University of Alberta is not condoning the idea at all, and the support given this new move to establish closer contact among the universities is coming from a body which in the past few weeks has written and produced four fifteen minute sketches over station CKUA.

Dramatic supporters at the Universities of Saskatchewan and Manitoba are heartily in favor of the scheme, and now with the help of Alberta, it is hoped that arrangements for a radio hook-up will soon be completed.

Dick Macdonald, Studio Director of station CKUA has written to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, asking for a western network arrangement. A reply is expected soon. Meanwhile plans are forging ahead for the Varsity Variety Hour which will start soon after Christmas. Efforts are being made to obtain the services of Joe Chamberlain and his variety band and several artists from the different societies on the campus.

### TO A SEA-GULL

(from a sea-sick passenger)  
How hunger you, how hunger I!  
But you for food and I for sky.  
And should we change, do you believe  
We could—and never grieve to leave?  
Do I desire such a great deal?  
Or is it just as seems to feel  
To me—that all that great and empty sky  
Is but a void in which you die?  
For lack of what—I have too much!!

## Even a Railroad Spike can't "take it" like this Jewel of a Parker Pen

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I WAS CRIPPLED  
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**THE COLLEGE  
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(against everything except loss or intentional damage)

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**1st—Filled with Acid** (strong ferric chloride solution which ate away a railroad spike) instead of with ink, this incredible pen wrote a 5-mile line with the acid on a revolving paper-covered drum and finished in perfect working order.

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**Pens: All 14K Gold Points—\$500 to \$1000**

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## CHRISTMAS FROLICS IN INDIAN SUNSHINE SHARED BY EVERYONE

Different countries have their own ways of observing Christmas, and at first they appear rather strange. I well remember the first 'Xmas I spent in Canada; I was among friends, good warm-hearted friends, yet there was something missing; I missed the comings and goings that form such an important part of the

day in India, and I felt a sad sense of loneliness—a homesickness if you like—which made me want to be back in the land of my birth.

Everybody celebrates Christmas in India. It is the white man's holiday according to the calendar, but to those Indians who work with the white man, it is an event of equal if not greater importance.

European children hang up their stockings on 'Xmas Eve, they write their letters to Santa Claus, and gather happily around the Christmas trees, just as they do in any other part of the world. Christmas is just Christmas to any child, it does not matter in what part of the globe he may be, whether there is snow lying on the ground or not. They demand—and get—their stockings filled, their presents, their incenseant feeding, and their castor oil.

But it is truly amazing how efficient the Indian servants become as Christmas draws near. Your lazy old bearer acquires an agility and eagerness for work that is surprising for his years; the dhoti brings back the wash with unwonted regularity, and forgets his usual complaints regarding the superabundance of clothes that may be given to him; the ayah is content to remain later than usual during the week, and is not in the usual hurry to get home to her own little ones. The milkman brings his cow to the door and milks out an extra measure of milk, a milk that seems richer to the taste because of the absence of the usual dilution of water. Your postman who has been surly the whole year round assumes a friendly Christmas attitude, as 'Xmas week approaches. The sweep, or who usually completes his work and gets away from the house before any further labors can be thrust upon him, remains longer, and actually asks for work. Every servant, regular or otherwise, assumes an assiduous alertness and an unusual attention to duty.

### Christmas Morning

On Christmas morning, they all line up for their Christmas "baksheesh" which the master or mistress of the house distributes according to the length of service or the scale of pay; from several rupees to the bearer or major-domo, down to a few annas for the sweeper who often renders his services to several households and makes collections at each. Perhaps the most fortunate of all callers is the postman who generally gets a small tip from every house on his route. No wonder that

## NO MAN'S LAND

by  
NAOMI LANG

Dear Santa, We have decided not to be arbitrary about the gift business this year. After all, we're in this war too. Who knows but what you'll have to be turning that sleigh of yours in as a first payment on an armored tank? Ennyhow, we're just offering you a few suggestions, entirely optional. You are just required to consider five, and every satisfactory response will net you 20 marks. That is, if you manage to bring us any five of these, you will be rated 100 per cent!

First and foremost we'd like five firsts in our Christmas tests; or four firsts and a second; or even three firsts and two seconds. At any rate, we simply can't afford to have less than thirds in anything. You understand Santa. For our own part, of course, we're very easily satisfied, but professors are, shall we say, a little more difficult.

Two tickets (sixth row, orchestra) for Charles the King. Geneva was SO entertaining Santa. By the way what are you going to give Herr Battler for Christmas?

Three invitations to the New Year's Eve ball at the Macdonald, and two to the affair at the armories. Don't think we're greedy, Santa. Naturally we can only go to one thing at a time. But it's SUCH fun choosing.

Four dozen pairs of silk stockings (same weight and color if you don't mind).

Ten books of street car tickets. Walking over the bridge has its points, but we can't think of any of them just now.

An evening dress that is "imported" (Even if it's only through Eaton's catalogue.)

And of course Santa, any odd little knick knacks that you happen to have around—diamond rings, fraternity pins and the like, are always acceptable.

Thanking you in anticipation,  
The Women.

"I'm going to sue this university. Yessir, it's a . . . We glanced up eagerly, but the rest of these fighting words were lost in a sneeze. The speaker finally got far enough away from his handkerchief, however, to continue: "Yessir, I'm going to sue 'em. They practically assured me that I had enough vitamin A to last until Christmas, and now look at me!"

The things you can learn from reading! One sort of debunking column we ran across the other day for instance, revealed the fallacy of the popular conception that certain food combinations such as lobster and ice cream, strawberries and milk,

there is no complaint over there about delivering mail on 'Xmas morning.

But the master of the house does not have to do all the giving. More often he receives far more than he gives, for India is the land of "dolloes." In most cases the "dolloes" consist of baskets of fruits, and there is nearly always a cake; the cake may consist of a single step, cheaply iced, in which case you pass it out to the servants at the back; or it may be of several tiers, each with a half-inch thick almond icing, which you keep for yourself, or, if you have too many, pass them on to less fortunate European acquaintances. But there are often many other valuable additions: gold and silver cigarette cases, jewels for the wife, cuff-links, pieces of silver ware, bottles of whiskey or champagne, and a variety of other things. One year I received a twenty-foot bolt of silk suitable for making suits. (I sent some of this, by the way, to a friend in Australia, and was rather disgruntled to learn that his wife had made it into curtains. What a woman will do!)

A business man of some importance may receive "dolloes" of great value from his Indian brokers, the dolly depending upon the wealth of the honor and on the extent of the business he has received during the past year or on what he hopes to receive during the next. There has for long been a modest outcry about these "dolloes," some look upon them as bribes. If they come from subordinate employees, they may be considered as such, but one generally puts a firm foot down upon such contributions. The "dolly" custom is of such long standing however, that it would be very difficult to put an end to it now.

Giving of Boxes With the European himself, the morning generally passes in distributing "boxes" to the menial staff, past and present; for someone who worked for you for a week or two during the year while the regular boy or cook was sick, turns up at 'Xmas to remind you of it. Then during the afternoon there is a continual stream of visitors looking in for the usual drop of wine or whiskey, and a bite of cake. In the evening you prepare for dinner, for in India we usually dine at night, and on 'Xmas night it is a real case of "Fill high the sparkling bowl, the rich repast prepare."

I always look back with keen regret upon the best 'Xmas dinner I have ever had—and lost. It was in 1927, I think, and some twenty of us gathered at the home of a friend, each making some contribution to the meal. (Mine was a hundred-bottle case of beer.) Each of us brought his boy to help serve at the table. Ordinarily our dinners consisted of at least four courses, but

and whisky and oysters, are indigestible or poisonous when eaten together. Tommyrot! Quote "Foods which are separately digestible are digestible in combination." So dear reader, if you WANT to eat lobster and ice cream . . .

We also learned that whiskey or alcohol is of no use in the cure of snakebite. Well you can't have everything. If the whiskey conjures up the snakes, we contend that the rest of it's up to something else.

A frantic freshman rushed into the room, closed the door and leaned on it as though there was a pack of wolves on his heels. "People!" he gasped, "Gobs of people!" He sank into a chair and opened a chemistry book. Hardly had he turned a page however when two friends charged in after him, playfully closed his book, and dragged him off for coffee. "Oh what's the use," he muttered, "what's the use? Trying to study in this place is like trying to embroider at a stampede!" Question: When is a friend not a friend? Answer: When you have a chemistry exam the next day and he hasn't.

Some of the women Meds seem to be a bit put out by the fact that although everyone knows by now that there was a Med club banquet at the Macdonald one memorable Saturday night just recently, the world at large still seems to be ignorant of the fact that the Women's Medical club of the University of Alberta entertained on the same night, at the same hotel, only in another salon. Med students, in other words, held their party together only in different places. With the wives of members of the faculty, and some of Edmonton's women doctors as guests, between 60 and 70 people attended the women's "do." Dr. Silver Keeping was a guest speaker, and Miss Anathalie Heath, the president, presided as toast mistress. There now gals, if anyone doubts your word in future, you will simply have to turn up the Gateway file.

We've been threatened with public execution at the hands of the editor-in-chief of the Gateway if we dare to inflict his public with any more Ogden Nash, but we would-be scribes are a fearless lot. Doesn't the newspaperman's tenth commandment say, "Thou shalt trust thy Boss, defend thy Rag, and if thou art betrayed, thou shalt not think of where thy breakfast is to come from, but walk straight through the door, assured that right in journalism shall prevail. So we present Ogden on the subject of the nt.

The ant has made himself illustrious through constant industry industrious.

So what? Would you be calm and placid If you were full of formic acid?

this meal ran to eight or nine; I lost count for an obvious reason.

Before the meal we had our "apertifs" which for most of the men was a whiskey and soda, others had beer, and some wines. Then the meal itself started, and with it there was sherry, French and Italian vermouth, champagne, beer, whiskey and soda, creme de menthe, port wine, cherry brandy and other liquors. What a meal it was!

I sat beside a young lady, Muriel by name, a long standing acquaintance, and if there ever was a gourmand, she was one. I had seen Muriel sit down to a dish that she liked, and eat till the course was fully disposed of, then she would find herself unable to resist the succeeding courses, and finally she had to remain standing for fear of an eruption. Well, Muriel was in her element this night, and had taken liberal servings of all the courses; she had also imbibed liberally, and by the time the plum pudding was brought in covered with brandy and all aflame, Muriel was unable to take her serving. We helped her into the next room and laid her on a bed before continuing the meal.

Outstayed Muriel I was feeling very proud of myself, for Muriel had ever possessed greater "staying" power than I, with the wines. Indeed, it was not often that I indulged myself in this respect, unless the drink happened to be champagne, and then I drank that more because of the name than for any particular relish for the liquid itself. Anyhow I had outstayed Muriel; she had to be carried out before the pudding, and I remained to demolish my pudding, coffee, and nuts as well as one or two liquors, and pull off a few crackers. Quite an accomplishment!

After the meal, someone put on the gramophone, and we began to dance. As my evening's partner seemed bedded down for the night, I began to dance with a married woman in the room. We had taken only a few whirls when I sank to my knees at her feet. In abashed confusion, I begged to be excused and crawled to the nearest chair. Then things began to whirl in my head. I felt sick. As unobtrusively as possible I got out of the room, thankful the solid support afforded by the wall, which seemed to be the only stable thing around me. The host of the house had seen me, however, and with amused care, quietly put me to bed in the same

(Continued on Page 6)  
See: CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

## THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE MEETS IN LUNCHROOM

It was the only square lunch box in the room. Its owner frowned in disgust as with the soiled paper towel he had used in drying, he flicked crumbs, bits of scrambled egg, and a few flakes of lettuce from the curved bench-seat.

Grayish-blue clouds of tobacco smoke, blown out from the sides mingled into a faint haze which partially obscured the upper level of red-brick walls and fawn-colored ceiling. Breathing was not a pleasure, for air that had been through many lungs was impregnated with the sharp odour of old smoke, and the sickly-sweet smell of food that has been left standing.

As he strode in, Herb Macdonald's guttural, uncontrolled voice quivered. "What! no seats? What the hell, I paid my fees—can't take a man's money and then keep him standing. Here, big shot, shover over, a little guy like me can squeeze in."

And the square lunch box was moved further along the little table.

Macdonald wore a baggy suitcoat which seemed to have been strained and pulled in every direction, until it clung desperately to his angular torso. A black leather slide-rule case protruded across his chest, as though it were a weapon, so placed to be conveniently withdrawn on demand, from the sheath under his arm. From a side pocket he pulled out a brown paper package which had been compressed on one side until it resembled a cut of cheese. "That's all I ever will get for taking Drawing 4," he volunteered, "can't understand a thing in old Ned's lectures,

but damn near every day I get shoved against a drawing table, and find my lunch all mashed up." He rammed one wedge-shaped sandwich into his mouth and as he continued his monologue, his words had that peculiar garbled effect which can only be produced by passing them through a champing mass of brown bread and strawberry jam.

"But there's one course in which I'll sure shine this month," he went on, "and that's first year history." With this he sought an audience, and turned to give his neighbor a full view of the threshing-machine action that was chopping inch-thick layers of bread into shallow-able lumps.

"General course in history—old Pussyfoot Evans—ever take it?"

"Yes, I have, I—"

"They made me take it this fall—some fool law about so many units of each kind—I haven't done a tap of work so far. And boy, for awhile I was stumped on that term essay—you know the one he gives, with about fifty subjects to choose from?"

"The thing had to be twelve pages, and last night at eight o'clock I hadn't cracked a book—hadn't even chosen a topic." Macdonald carefully dug out a length of celery which was imbedded in the soggy surface of his last sandwich, and continued with the mastication and the narration.

"So I tore over to my cousin's house—he got a first in history last year—and I borrows the one he did—the life of Frederick—Frederick Barbadosa I think it was." He had bolted down all but the celery, and

with that he took vicious bites from the stalk and produced a crescendo and diminuendo of noise, which could only be duplicated by rolling drumsticks on a wooden table.

"So I begins to copy this out, see, and I worked for five hours solid—boy, I thought my fingers would never straighten out again, they got so cramped. "But I finished it, and gave it to old Pussyfoot this morning. I changed it enough that he'll never know he read it last year—and anyway they say that he has a pet of his, somebody—Robertson. Fred Robertson I think it is, mark the essays. The old boy's eyes are bad, and this guy takes honors in history. Only one thing wrong was that I only had yellow paper—I hope he doesn't mind."

A barrage of paper balls began to fall in and around the big waste can, as men of Macdonald's speed polished off the last of their food and shied the wrappers toward the corner. One stray missile caught Herb on the shoulder, and he leaped up shouting. All right, Barclay—prepare to die!"

As he and Barclay came into a final round of rolling on the floor endeavoring to tear each other's arms off, the slim fellow with the square-cut glasses, and the square black metal lunch box squeezed out through the crowded doorway.

Herb Macdonald just glimpsed the block letters "F.R." scratched out from the paint on that lunch box, but he went on tussling, for it always took him a few minutes to connect his thoughts.

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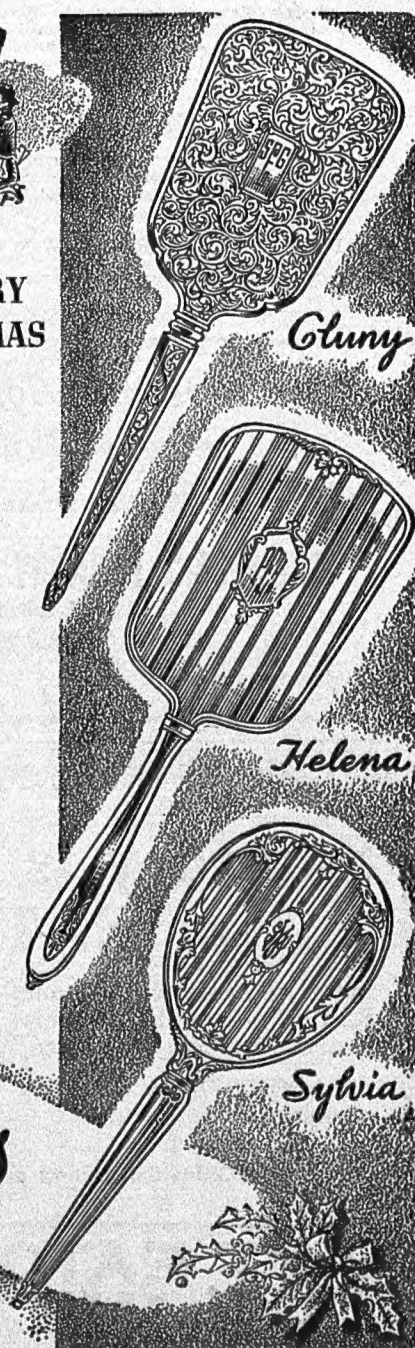
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## THE GATEWAY



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## CHRISTMAS THANKSGIVING

It is with a spirit of thanksgiving that we prepare to celebrate once more the Christmas season. It is not, as in ordinary years, that we approach this time of year set aside to do honor to "peace and goodwill among men." Perhaps, because we cannot do that, we might tell ourselves that the Christmas spirit today, in its fullest Christian sense, would be hypocrisy were we to forget the struggle which we face. We might even consider it a twentieth century staging of "Nero fiddling while Rome burns." We could forget that Drake bowed when the Armada threatened to change the course of history.

But we sit here, at an open window, and look out across to a community where young and old are bustling about in sunlit streets, busy about their preparations for a day which has been remembered for two thousand years, which will probably be celebrated for another two thousand. We read of activities in the Mother Country and the steps she has taken to ensure a happy Christmas, even though she is engaged in a struggle which because of its geographical proximity, must be more real to her than it is to us yet. Then we see ourselves standing on deserted streets, with armed sentries at every corner; we look up at the shattered, twisted skeletons of once modern business blocks; we watch groups of husky young men goose-step across squares, eyes front, forbidden to glance upwards to where the Bethlehem star will shine when darkness falls and all Europe is blacked-out.

We are willing to lay aside all thoughts of present peace for the time being, because in doing so we know that our sacrifice will bring back a happier, longer-lasting peace. And so, for this, as we look first at our own immediate surroundings, then across mine-infested seas to darkened, tortured Europe, we must be grateful. We must substitute expressions of thanksgiving for those of peace.

We must offer thanksgiving for the opportunity which has been offered us and which we have accepted, to defend that society which will not forbid us to celebrate Christmas once a year. We must give thanks that in playing our part in this defence of a Christian heritage, our own land will not be ravaged by the destructive forces of war.

Finally, we must remember with sincere gratitude that the society for which we are fighting is such that even when threatened it does not demand that its members forgo entirely their greatest anniversary.

## "SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN . . ."

Nearly two thousand years ago in a little town in Palestine a baby was born who was destined to become the greatest man in the history of the world. Every year Christian people across the world celebrate the birthday of this son of a Nazarene carpenter. His birthday has become the accepted day for the giving and receiving of presents.

It is fitting that this is the season for children, for it was they whom the great teacher

loved best. "Suffer the little children to come unto me," he said. Many argue that he meant those who had within them the hearts of children. This is merely quibbling. What is a child but a human being who has learned to look at the world, and all that in it is, through the rose-colored glasses of childhood?

Fitting also is the choice of the season for the giving of gifts. On that first Christmas day, did not God give the greatest present of all to all mankind, when he gave "His only-begotten son?"

It is at the Christmas season that mankind comes closest to following the teachings of Jesus. It is a time when men "Love one another." Despite the fact that we are now involved in a world war, it is not likely that any real fighting will take place on the day of this great Christian festival.

Some take exception to the calling of December 25, the birthday of Christ. Once again this is worthless quibbling. What matters the exact date? Such deep emotions as are stirred by Christmas cannot be bound within the narrow limits of the calendar.

Another group of quibblers insist that the spirit of Christmas has been lost, and that the season is now just another commercialized racket. These people object to having to dig down a little, once a year for the purpose of making someone else a little happier. Have you ever seen a child, eyes wide open, trembling with excitement, on Christmas eve? Is that commercialism? If that's all it means to some people we feel sorry for them.

To many university students, Christmas has a special significance. It means going home. Few realize what a fine place home is until they have been away from it for a while. To them, indeed, this is one of the happiest seasons of the year.

But to many people Christmas is just another day of suffering and privation—suffering and privation made harder by the fact that children must be disappointed. No child should wake up on Christmas morning with an empty stocking. It is part of a child's heritage, this Christmas, and it is not right, in the true sense of the word, that he should be robbed of his heritage.

It is up to those who are going to have a happy Christmas to see that these unfortunate children have what they are entitled to. It will not hurt any of us to give something to the numerous worthy charities that flourish at this time of the year. This year they are likely to be neglected because of the efforts to support Canada's war effort. These efforts are very praise-worthy. But the children don't know anything about wars—they don't understand international politics. All they know is that this is the time of year when Santa Claus visits all good boys and girls. We must see that Santa keeps his appointments.

Again our cynic comes to the fore and says, "What is the use of buoying up these people for one day, when the rest of the year they sink again to the same low level they occupied before?" Ask him, if he has even seen the sun peek for one brief instant through a mass of lowering clouds? Did he not think it was a thing of beauty? Did he not remember that one sight of glorious light more than the dull blackness of the storm? We have achieved something really worth while if we give these unfortunate something happy and beautiful to remember during the harsh time of travail.

Let us then enter into the true spirit of the season. This is the time of year when it is truly "More blessed to give than to receive."

If you will follow the teaching of our simple little message then there is no need for us to wish you a "Merry Christmas." You will have one.

## EDITORIAL SQUIBS

This is a personal message from the editor to the Gateway staff. I express my deep appreciation to all those workers who at this period of the year, have risked their academic necks to help make the Christmas Gateway a success. I wish to acknowledge with sincerity the loyalty of all those who have sacrificed valuable time during the first term in their many duties as staff members. I feel assured that with your continued co-operation we shall carry on after Christmas where we have left off before.—D.C.

The Gateway takes this opportunity to extend the Season's Greetings to its readers, be they harsh critics or full-fledged supporters, the advertisers, and to all those with whom the Gateway comes into contact during the publication year in the course of its business.

"How are your kids, Mac?"

"Fine, Jim. Tony wants to be a gangster, and Molly wants to be a chorus girl."

"What happened to Joe?"

"Oh, we had to shoot him. He wanted to go to college."

Teacher: "How old would a person be who was born in 1890?"

Smart Kid: "Man or woman?"

## PASTE and SCISSORS

by TOM MASON

Comes Christmas again and that flat-broke feeling that goes with it. Why is it that every year Christmas comes and money goes in the same old way? It all boils down to the fact that Christmas, cynics to the contrary, is not just the commercialized racket it is made out to be. There is a deep satisfaction in giving a little token of affection to someone you hold dear. Everyone, be he the hardest-headed sneerer holds someone dear. And by the way, how about remembering some of those you don't know personally—some of those who won't be remembered unless you remember them. Pitch in your little shekel to the Christmas Fund.

No "International Jigsaw" this week. International affairs and Christmas don't seem to mix somehow.

Story of the Week: A noted student was at a lecture the other day—no fooling, he was. While the professor was talking the student was engaged in staring out of the window. The following dialogue ensued:

Prof: Would you care to say anything on the subject Mr. —?

Stude: Er, oh, no.

Prof: No comments?

Stude: No, I wouldn't like to commit myself.

Prof: Well, what is your own opinion?

Stude: I wouldn't care to say.

Prof: Anything from your reading help you?

Stude: No, it's too involved a question to be got out of a book.

Prof: Did you hear the question, Mr. —?

Stude: Oh, yes, I heard the question all right.

Prof: Well, for the benefit of those who didn't, I'll repeat it: What is the sum of two plus two?

When we're looking back on the things we have really enjoyed not many of them can rate with "Geneva." It was indeed a pleasure to witness such a superbly staged production. True, the play was no seventh wonder of the world, few of Mr. Shaw's plays are, but it was timely and it was portrayed in a masterful fashion. Magnificent was the presentation of Earnest Battler, Signor Bombardone and Sir Orpheus Midlander. In stage presence, voice quality, grouping and lighting effects, this company showed an Edmonton audience a skill and adroitness which it has seldom if ever witnessed before. With apologies to Ethel Barrymore—this cast was a lot better than yours.

Many students will be home for the first time in some little while this Christmas. Christmas is the time for those who love their home and their hometown. It was with this thought

in mind that we decided to quote a poem by Hilton Young. It is called, "A Boy Was Born at Bethlehem." "A boy was born at Bethlehem. That knew the haunts of Galilee. He wandered on Mount Lebanon, And learned to love each forest tree.

But I was born at Marlborough, And love the homely faces there; And for all other men besides 'Tis little love I have to spare.

I should not mind to die for them, My own dear downs, my comrades true; But that great heart of Bethlehem, He died for men He never knew.

And yet, I think at Golgotha, As Jesus' eyes were closed in death, They saw with love most passionate The village street at Nazareth.

At this time of year comes that awful problem—what to get them for Christmas. So here goes for a few suggestions—perhaps we'll ring the bell for you.

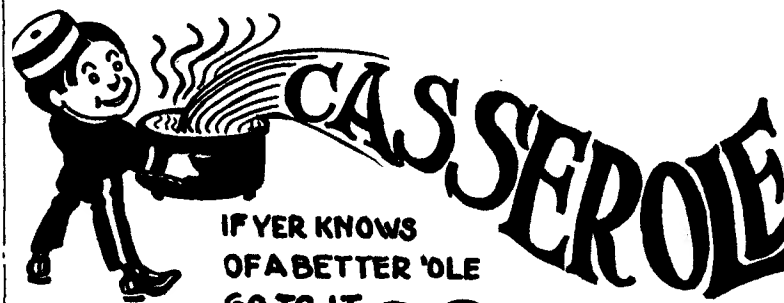
For the mother: How about a smart-looking gold or silver locket? (remember she's still a girl and does she love to be reminded of it!)—a bottle of perfume—a pair of gloves—a jewel box (this is a sure-fire hit)—if you can afford it, how about one of those little radios to put beside her bed.

For the father: You can't go wrong with most men if you give them something to smoke—a clock—a travelling case with fittings—a ring with his lodge insignia on it—a good pair of slippers—a tobacco pouch—an electric razor—a house coat (or a cocktail jacket)—a hat (good idea to give him a gift certificate and let him pick out his own).

For the girl friend (this goes for sisters too). A cigarette lighter with vanity case—a compact—an evening bag—an ornate gold bracelet—a manicure set—some chiffon evening hankies—a dresser set (or, if you can't afford it—the start of one—start with a mirror)—a pair of those fur-trimmed beaded Indian slippers. Here's a really personal one—make up your own Christmas greeting and have a record made of it.

For the boy friend (this goes for brothers too). A heavy sweater—a pipe—a scarf—a pair of heavy gauntlet mitts—a set of accessories for his tuxedo—a cigarette case—a clock—a fountain pen or pencil—a wallet—a grenfell jacket—initialed key chain—tie clip—cuff links—tobacco humidifier—a camera—a picture of yourself—(if he hasn't got one, there's nothing he'd rather have—take it from a fella who got one last Christmas.)

Before we go: Have a swell holiday, will you!



Professors tell us that there are only seven types of humor; college papers use but six.

Maizie: I was getting fond of Ed—until he got fresh and spoiled it.  
Daisie: Isn't it terrible how fast a man can undo everything?

"Do you know the secret of being popular?"  
"Yes but mother says I mustn't."

Then we have from an engineer, the complaint that contrary to the laws of airflow the girls with the most streamlined figures, often have the greatest resistance.

We beg to offer the suggestion that a good line cuts down resistance immensely.

If a lady says no, she means maybe.  
If she says maybe, she means yes.  
If she says yes, she's just ain't no lady.

She: I wear this gown only to teas.  
He: Whom?

Ain't it so. A girl does not have to watch the speedometer to see what the boy friend is driving at.

Frosh: I'm groping for words.  
Co-ed: Well, you don't expect to find them there, do you?

Consider the prune, thou teetotaler, Consider its ways and be sage.  
For as the prune loses its dryness It loses its wrinkles of age.

Reformer: Friends, I am here to save the girls of your city.

Voice from the Audience: That's fine. Save me a blonde, will you?

Nowadays if you give a nice girl stockings she will turn them down.

A cute little lass approached the floor walker and asked, "Do you have notions on this floor?"  
The floor walker looked her over and then remarked, "Yes, madam, but we suppress them during business hours."



"How would I look on a Christmas tree?"  
"Almost as attractive as 100 Sweet Caps."

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# Read This Page on the Home-bound Train - - -

## Fashions Moving With The Movies

The year is 1944, press wires hummed with the news that Hollywood, along with a substantial portion of coastal California had been wiped out by a tidal wave. The film colony, warned some days before of the impending disaster, by Hermann Sauer's tidal wave "tremor locator" had been safely evacuated to the interior. It was the first time that Mr. Sauer's invention, perfected late in 1943, had had a practical test. Most of the mechanics of the motion picture industry were destroyed.

PRESCOTT, Ariz., Sept. 19. A.P.—Noted director, Karl P. Klossky, denied emphatically today that the film industry was finished. "We shall

merely move to some other spot and start all over again. We shall," Mr. Klossky stated, "be more hyper-colossal than we have ever been."

PRESCOTT, Ariz., Sept. 23. A.P.—Conference of motion picture directors decided today to move the North American film industry to Yellowknife, North West Territories of Canada. What we need is a change of scene, declared O. J. Schmalz, head of M.G.M. productions. "Up there in the vast north, in the terrific wide open spaces, lies the material for some of the most stupendous, heart-stirring dramas in the history of literature," he stated. "Imagine Carol Lamour in a parka," he emitted.

THE YEAR IS 1948.  
YELLOWKNIFE, N.W.T., Sept. 30.—North Pole Productions Inc. started production today on "Arctic Midnight Madness," starring Shirley Temple and the world famous baritone Robert Breen. Miss Temple will wear some of the most beautiful clothes in the history of movies. Featured will be a dark blue silk suit, trimmed with white fur, magnificently beaded moccasins and a wine parka, set with rhinestones.

(Continued on Page 6)  
See: STYLE CHANGE

## NOTICE!

Only a limited number of Year Books will be available for those that have not reserved copies.

To be sure of having one of these fine annuals, reservation is imperative. Money can be put back immediately on returning after Christmas to assure your receipt.

**EVERGREEN & GOLD**

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105th St., South of Jasper Ave.

Minister:

The Rev. Ross K. Cameron, M.A.

Sunday, December 17, 1939

11:00 a.m.

The Rev. C. H. Huestis, D.D.

7:30 p.m.

THE GREATEST STATEMENT

MAN HAS MADE

Director of Music: Mr. Henry Atack

## Folks Has Gotta Have Somepin' Purty

Big, soft white flakes of snow were drifting down when Sven stepped out of the barn with his pail of milk. It was only five-o'clock, so there was still plenty of light out, but the snow was falling so thickly now that he couldn't see very far out on the prairie. The brown grass was already covered with a thin blanket of snow. He looked at the house, standing like a big white cracker box in the fading light, and started up the path toward it, the soft flakes patting at his face like moist baby fingers. They got in his eyes and his nose, and they tickled his ears. Little things like that made Sven mad; he could stand the bigger annoyances of this damned country, but it was little things that made a man mean-tempered.

He stomped up on the porch, opened the door, and stepped into the warm kitchen. He set the milk-pail on the table, and shook himself like a big dog. "Well, Minna," he remarked, just to be saying something. "She's here to stay this time. Third snowfall's always the start of winter." Having got started he continued, "That's about all you can count on in this damn country." Sven always said "this damn country"—he never called it Alberta, or the prairie, or even this country—always "this damn country." "By tomorrow we'll have a real snortin' blizzard, and a hard freeze-up. Paulsen's still got his cattle out on the range, too. He'll lose half of 'em, I guess, then he'll come around belly-achin' about his hard luck."

His wife, a thin, dispirited, reedy-voiced woman, stood at the window staring moodily out into the deepening dusk, watching the feathery flakes falling. Rousing herself from her reverie, she turned to the dim room. "I'd better be getting your supper ready. You'll have to fill the lamp before you light it, Sven. What was it you were saying?"

Sven didn't answer. He went over to the wash-stand, twisting the burner out of the lamp, while Minna shook some coal into the big kitchen range. "It's awful dreary here this time of year, ain't it?" she commented.

"It's awful dreary any time in this damn country," Sven answered, as he bent over the kerosene can.

"I kinda wish we had somethin' to brighten up the house a little. It seems like we ought to have somethin' like that during the winter. I get awful lonesome and dreary when you're out doing the chores."

"I guess you oughta, at that," replied Sven, busily trimming the lamp-wick. "It'll have to wait 'till spring, now, though. We won't get to town again this winter. I guess we'll be lucky to get to the store regular." He lit the lamp. "We're going to have a big blizzard tonight or tomorrow."

Sven was right. It was blowing hard when they awoke the next morning. The house was cold, and the heat-stove was almost out. A little streamer of powdery snow had drifted in through the crack under the front door. Sven got up and started fires in both the stoves, then he went back to bed to wait for the house to warm up.

The storm got worse during the day. It was hard work doing the chores. Sven had to turn his face away from the millions of needles in the blast of the wind. Sometimes the blizzard almost lifted him off his feet, and when he went down to the field to chop a hole in the ice for the cattle, he had to feel his way back to the house along the fence, for fear of getting lost. Toward dusk it began to abate slightly, but there was still enough wind to shake the house in the heavy gusts. Sven banked both of the fires heavily before he went to bed.

All was still when they woke the next morning. The windows were heavily coated with frost. Sven scraped away a little circle, and peeped out. The snow lay newly driven in great smooth drifts around the house, and in rolls and ripples out on the open land. The wind had left it in every fanciful pattern imaginable out on the knoll in the field. It was a bright dawn, and the sun cast a million dancing, pirouetting lights on the snow, shifting, leaping, turning, with every movement. They hurt Sven's eyes. He fixed the fire, grumbling about the weather. Then he dressed and bundled up heavily, to go out and do the chores. He glanced at the thermometer by the door as he went out—thirty below! "That's pretty bad for this time of year," he thought. "But we'll see a lot worse than that yet this winter." He tramped off through the snow, kicking a jagged, ugly path through the white drifts.

They didn't get a chinook until January. But the warm West wind started to blow one morning, then, and by noon the snow was melting rapidly. Minna made Sven go down

to the cellar and get a bundle of old sacks to lay on the steps so he wouldn't bring mud into the house on his feet. "My goodness," she complained, "I don't know how a body's to keep the house clean when it's thawing like this." She was one of those women who have to have their houses uninvitably spotless all the time. "Sometimes I just wish it'd stay froze up all winter so there wouldn't be so much mud tracked in." "We never had to put up with this in North Dakota."

"Y'gotta put up with it in this damn country," rumbled Sven from behind his newspaper.

The chinook continued for two days, melting almost all the snow. The Buffalo wallows were full of water and ice, but the grass was exposed, brown and dry. The air was sweet with the promise of spring, and the whole land seemed glad to be released from the harsh grasp of winter. The antelope skinned like happy swallows on the prairie, less than a mile from the farm. Sven stood by the gate looking out over the land; he didn't notice the antelope particularly; he wondered if it would be safe to turn the cattle out for a few days to get some of that grass. He decided against it. Usually it stayed open for a little while after a chinook, but he thought, as he turned to go back to the barn, "You can never tell in this damn country."

There was more winter, and more chinooks, but eventually the big spring thaw came. Sven had to get some extra sacks at the store for Minna's doorstep, because there was so much mud. As the frost came out of the ground, the roads and any bare land turned to mud, while the brown sod lay steaming in the warm sunshine. Sven drove the livestock out on the range, following them for a half-mile out on the spongy land to get them away from the fences. The crocuses were out on the prairie; pretty little violet flowers nestling in sheltered places—behind a rock, in an old gopher hole, in the buffalo trails. Sven was thinking of his forthcoming trip to town. His unheeding hobnails crushed more than a dozen of the plants, as he strode along, switching the cattle with a pussy-willow wand. Presently he turned back. As he did so, there was a sharp whistle of alarm, and Sven caught a quick glimpse of two bright little eyes, and the quick flicker of a tail as the gopher vanished down his hole. He heard the whistle again, muffled by the ground, as he passed over. Far ahead of him another gopher sat up like a tent-peg and whistled impudently at him. Sven reflected that he'd better get some gopher poison while he was in town. He went on into the house. A meadow-lark's cheery welcome to the spring rang out unheard. So did a red-wing blackbird's merry "Okalee-ger!" as he teetered on a fence-wire. "Minna," said Sven that evening, "I think I'll be able to go to town in two or three days, if the weather stays warm like it is." He was silent for a moment. "I'll bring you back sompin' purty when I come. Sompin' to brighten up the house, like you always say. It's so awful dreary in this damn country, folks has got to have sompin' purty."

"Sompin' purty," agreed Minna. "I been wishing for sompin' purty all winter."

"Yeh, so've I," admitted Sven magnanimously. He busied himself about the farm for the next two days, cleaning up the place, and making ready for the spring ploughing. There was a patch of Buffalo beans in the pasture. They were in full bloom, turning the little hollow where they grew into a bright yellow pond of flowers. Sven wasn't sure, but he thought they poisoned cattle, so he went out with the scythe and cut them down. Besides, they were weeds anyway, and he prided himself on keeping his farm clean.

He was up before dawn on the day he was to leave. He had the chores done and the shiny touring car backed out into the yard when the red glory of the sun was just appearing in the east. The sage had leaved out in the past three days, and the sunlight caught the new silvery leaves, bathing them in fire, ever-changing, moving, as the sun rose. An antelope stood stock-still in the same sroy light. Sven stood by the corner of the house looking out over it. "Minna!" he called. "Come here."

"Minna, is that cattle out there on the skyline? The light's so bad I can't see."

He arrived back home late in the evening, jovial, and smelling faintly of beer. "Got sompin' for you Minna," he shouted, as he burst into the kitchen. "Turn up the light and have a look." He fumbled in the

## Oh! That Nasty

### Old Serpent - - -

By R. H. Blackburn

When Adam and Eve was in Eden, They would of done better by heedin'

An' tendin' their seedin and weedin'. When Adam and Eve was in Eden, The serpent tried leadin' their feedin'

And lost them their land by succeedin'; When Adam and Eve was in Eden, They would of done better by heedin'.

capacious grocery box, and brought forth a large mysterious bundle. His big hands broke the stickers, and several paper rolls spilled out on the table.

"Ah," exclaimed Minna, "New wallpaper!"

Sven opened one of the rolls proudly. I saw it in Manson's window, and right away I knew it was what I wanted. Ain't it purty, Minna?"

It was a real work of art. The background was a beautiful shade of yellow—bright, like the yolk of an egg. There were sprouts and tufts of green grass all over and huge animals sprang over them. There were bright red deer, and blue squirrels, and brown bears, and there was even a horse, in a sort of neutral shade. Interspersed among all this fauna, was the flora: large purple flowers, and medium-sized red flowers, with long orange stems.

"And look!" Sven cried excitedly, "See the purty silver trees."

Minna was delighted in her restrained sort of way. "It sure is beautiful, Sven."

"Course, I guess the horses ain't so nice, but aside from that it sure is purty." He put his thumbs under his suspenders and leaned back on his heels. "It's like I say, folks has got to have sompin' purty around 'em in this damn country!"

## I WISH

I wish I were a little egg  
Away up in a tree;  
A-sitting in my little nest  
As bad as I could be.  
I wish that you would come along  
And stand beneath that tree;  
Then I would up and burst myself  
And spatter Thee with Me!

## Change of Scene In Luxemburg . . .

By Archie Wilcox

Peace smiled on the land and it prospered. The old oak trees with their dense foliage form a sheltered arcade down the quiet country lane. The delicate scent of wild flowers and the happy songs of birds filled the air with their delightful charms. Across the fertile fields the sun kisses ripening heads of wheat as they rustle in the soft summer breeze. A thin ribbon of smoke climbs leisurely out of the chimney of a snug little cottage nestled in a grove of trees at the edge of the field. The tanned features of a laboring peasant light up with a smile of satisfaction as he leans on his spade to rest a moment while he admires his bounteous crop and dreams of what it will buy for his family. An old collie barks in sport while three carefree little children laugh in glee as they frolic together in the grass. In the sky a few fleecy clouds float serenely by on their endless way to nowhere. On an old, weathered sign post by the side of the road can be discerned the words,

"AU LUXEMBURG, 3 KILOS."

A deathly silence hangs over the desolate landscape. Many trees are blasted from the avenue and gaping shell-holes are blown into the

## PSEUDO-GENIUS

I tire of such Fools' Paradise,  
A wanton rudeness—ill disguise  
Therein, is cloaked unjustly so  
Before which courtesy must go  
To sighing loneliness.

Living in stupor of vain air  
And thinking of themselves so rare  
That they alone deserve best choice  
Misunderstood by common voice  
A stupid mediocrity!

'Tis pitiful to see the show  
They make, as on and on they blow;  
These rules for common mankind are  
Mine, wafted from celestial star  
For Life's chosen ones.

And in their galling vanity  
They see not self-idolatry  
Which sickening to the worldly play  
Of you and I and you—they  
Stuffed peacocks strut.

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## The Mighty Battle Day

The E-S-S of U. of A. by the Great Slide Rule they swore  
That the Mighty Clan of Engineers should suffer wrong no more;  
By the Foaming Keg they swore it, and named a trysting day,  
And bode their messengers ride forth,  
East and west, and south, and north,  
To summon their array.

East and west, and here and there, from mountain to karroos,  
The message spreads, and Eng. and Meds. absorb the glorious news.  
Shame on the worthless bookworm, who, wrap't in pensive mood  
Upon the day when trumpets bray joins not the gory feud.

The students and the faculty are ready for the fray.  
The former dream of scalp-locks won; the latter, bills to pay.  
And on the roof, upon the Med., arranged in even rows,  
Eggs by the ton rot in the sun, pollute the breeze that blows.

But the E-S-S is ready, and eager for the fray;  
For ageing fruit in sack-cloth jute awaits the zero-day.  
And papery sacks with powdery flour are massed by either clan,  
And many a hose, to douse the clothes of an opposition man.

And now hath every faculty sent up its tale of men.  
The day, October 26, the time, about one-ten.  
Before the great Med-Fortress the slide rule men convene,  
Their banner flaunt, to tease and taunt the stout defence within.

Now on the topmost buttress, each doughty lookout knows  
Each gaping crack, each window-jack, in loophole for a hose.  
And as approach the 'siegiers toward the waiting Turks,  
A cry rings out, a battle shout, "Okay, give 'em the works!"

And promptly poured from heaven an accurate array  
Of water, flour, some rare old eggs, and even ink, they say.  
And from the door did sally forth the brave Med. legions bold  
To hammer, clash, and rip and splash in mud both deep and cold.

And clothes, shed by the dozen, were ripped in little shreds,  
As Sawbone tackled Engineer, who trod in turn on Meds.  
And one lad, stripped of all he had, unto St. Joe's did race,  
With naught upon anatom, and blushes on his face.

Above the sounds of battle strife were heard the war cries fierce,  
"We are, we are—" "the saw, the knife—" from Meds. and Engineers.  
And one was mobbed by many, and peeled of all he had,  
And scolding fight, continued fight, tho' worse than Adam clad.

Ah, hard the fight on clothing! For suits, once highest class,  
Of Eng. and Meds., in grimy shreds, adorned the campus grass.  
And many a hapless Freshie, who fought in school apparel,  
Waited 'till night, and in chill night crept home inside a barrel.

But now the dust is settled, the battle day is o'er,  
And aching Meds., with ditty heads, are mopping up the gore.  
Both parties claimed the victory. Who won, I cannot say.  
But all agree, 'twas quite a spree, upon that battle day!

—"Dub."

## The News Room Question Mark

The news room was silent on the night of August the thirty-first. The lull of the night had succeeded the storm of the day. All the boys who dealt with the news intelligently, knew that war was to break out the next morning. No one was excited, no fever of expectation gripped the night staff. Time enough to get excited when the story "broke." Only the occasional shrill demand of a telephone to be answered, and the chatter of a solitary typewriter, disturbed the stillness.

The man at the typewriter was Jake. He was bent over his machine like a big, blocky question mark. That smile struck me forcibly as I watched him. That was what Jake was, a question mark. Full of dreams, he was, but empty of the ability and initiative to make his dreams come true. He had been seven years with the Post now. Starting as an office boy at twelve dollars a week, he was now a reporter earning eighteen. Jake was sure that if he were only given a chance he could write stories which would stamp him as a "great," only to be compared with Mark Hellinger and Heywood Brown. He had been given a chance once. Assigned to cover an important court case, he had cost the paper some three hundred dollars in lebel suits. Jake hadn't been fired. Newspapersmen are more than usually tolerant of mistakes, but they don't give anyone an opportunity of making the same error twice. So Jake wrote weather stories, and church concerts, and flower shows, and dreamed of great things. His shabby, unpressed suit hung on him like the loose skin of a snake preparing to shed. Beside him, on his desk, lay a list of winners of the concluding day of the flower show. If he said that Mrs. Wilson won first prize with her petunias, when it should have been Mrs. Cartwright, it might draw a sharp rebuke over the telephone to the city editor, but it would not cost the paper any money.

The typewriter fell silent. Jake leaned back wearily in his chair, brushed a handful of red hair out of his eyes. With a thud he pulled his sixth sheet of results out of the "mill." He gazed speculatively about the room. Walter, deeply immersed in a history of the World War, sensing that Jake had finished work, automatically reached out and consigned his package of cigarettes to the safety of his coat pocket. It was an action as natural as walking. Half an hour later Walter would probably wonder how his smokes got from his desk into his pocket. One developed a set of defensive reflex actions when he worked with Jake for a while.

Not as alert as Walter, I had just lit a cigarette. Before I had a chance

to exhale my first gulp, Jake, looking straight at me, challenged. "Who's got a smoke?" "Resignedly I tossed my package over to his desk. It wasn't that I minded, it was probably my turn to supply the consumer, but I could not help wondering if Jake would know how much change to expect out of a dollar when buying cigarettes. The second part of the act was on now. Jake fingered, at first thoughtfully, then with more agitation, and finally frantically, in all his pockets. I tossed over a box of matches. Jake grunted something which might have been thanks, and gulped down a mouthful of smoke. He threw back the cigarettes and put the matches in his pocket.

He got up out of his chair and walked heavily around the desk to look over the shoulder of Clarence, the night editor. Clarence did not like to have people look over his shoulder when he was working. He said it made him nervous. At one time he used to swear at Jake, but he had given that up. It was impossible to insult Jake. He didn't take anything seriously. The phone rang. Clarence picked up the mono-type receiver and told a hollow voice at the other end that the European situation looked very bad; no, he did not expect anything to break until morning; yes, it looked as if Hitler were going to march into Poland all right.

Jake listened, with a look of amused scorn passing over his face. "You guys put too much stock in all this war business," he said. "There ain't going to be no war. It's just a lot of fake publicity to sell newspapers." No one replied. It was no use arguing with Jake. It was not often that an idea found lodging in his brain, but once one did, it was impervious to all the ejection forces of reason. Left alone, the thought would soon go away of its own accord. Finding no opposition, he started on a new track. "Say, I heard a honey tonight," he announced. "Some guy walks up to a floozy and says—" No one listened. The joke would be dirty, usually a stamp of excellence in the news room, but it would also be pointless. You did not have to listen, anyway, in order to know when to laugh; you just started to chuckle when Jake started to guffaw. The phone interrupted. That meant death for the story. Jake had a new idea by the time the call was finished.

He swung his sloppily clad legs off the desk and closed his creased coat, fastening it with its one remaining button. "Come on, Joe," he grunted, "let's go get a cuppa coffee." I put my hand in my pocket, counted my change over, decided I could afford two cups, nodded, got up, and followed him out of the office.

## SHORT STORY CONTEST...

Another contest for little folk  
1st PRIZE

Mummy gave a birthday party for me after school, and all my friends brought presents. There was this boy though who is almost fifteen and is real fresh. He went around saying some of the girls had neat "chassis" or something. I guess he thought he was pretty smart, but Mummy didn't give him much ice cream. Another smarty gave me some real mice in a box. They got away and sort of hid in some of Mummy's potted shrubs. I got real scared because these mice kept fooling around in there for a long while. Then a boy tried to put a vase down over one of the shrubs so they couldn't get out. Everybody giggled at him because he broke the vase except Mummy. She looked real funny for a minute and sort of choked out something about Ming dynasty. Mummy says maybe I can't have another party for a while.

—Daisy MacTavish, Aged 11

One of the world's largest deposits of iron ore is on Bell Island, Newfoundland.

An electrically operated vibrator has been invented to shake cans of paint for more thorough mixing.

Night driving is a hazard when highways are not lit and drivers are.

## STYLES CHANGE

(Continued from Page 5)

MIAMI, Florida, Nov. 10. A.P.—Seven women were found dead today in downtown Miami, wearing Shirley Temple ski-suits. All died of heat prostration.

PHOENIX, Ariz., Nov. 29. A.P.—Meeting of prominent Phoenix businessmen today, resulted in a resolution being passed, resolving that women were injuring their health, and showing signs of mental weakness by faithfully following the fashion dictates of Yellowknife film stars. They pointed to the fact that many women were suffering severe discomfort by wearing such clothes as parkas, ski-slacks, mocassins and fur gloves, when the thermometer in the vicinity of 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

CHICAGO, Illinois, Dec. 5. A.P.—Interviewed today, Elaine Pottsbury, noted authority on styles, stated that women would continue to wear what Yellowknife dictated whether these styles were practical or not. "Women will wear what is in style," she stated. Miss Pottsbury pointed out that women living in northern climates had followed Hollywood's style dictates, even when wearing thin dresses and silk stockings was practically suicidal, when the temperature was about 40 degrees below zero. Miss Pottsbury was tastefully attired in magenta ski-slacks topped by a paid windbreaker.

YELLOWKNIFE, N.W.T., Dec. 10. C.P.—Women will wear heavy fannel, plaid suits to Christmas dances this year according to word from August Williams, noted Edmonton stylist. Gloria Gorjus will wear one of these flannel creations in her new technicolor epic, "Mush on Huskies."

AUSTIN, Texas, Dec. 22. A.P.—Austin department stores today reported a tremendous rush on Gloria Gorjus flannel suits. From advance sales it appears that every well-dressed Austin woman will appear at her Xmas party in one of these creations, department store officials commented. Indications from other centres were that the fad is sweeping the southern United States.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 23. A.P.—Indications pointed to the hottest Christmas in the history of the southern United States today. Temperatures over 100 degrees were prevalent in Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi. Hottest spot was Del Rio, Texas, with a reading of 117 in the shade. December 23—1948.

To J. H. King, Millikens Ltd. Breenston, N.W.T.

Sold out of Gloria Gorjus suits. Please send ten gross immediately. Send also six dozen Della Demaree fur-lined mittens (A-40762). Rush by air.

JOHN COOK,  
Mgr. Millikens Ltd.  
Del Rio, Texas.

## The Fine Art of Shaving - - -

The removal of twenty-four hours' growth of beard from the face with as much expedition and as little discomfort as possible, is a problem which has acutely vexed the minds of the male sex during the past twenty-five years and, to a lesser degree, for centuries before that. A direct outgrowth of this problem has been the rise of one of the most frequently practised of operations to what is today regarded almost as a fine art, namely, the process of shaving.

While there are many schools of thought holding widely divergent opinions as to the finer points, they all agree (with certain heretical exceptions) that the process resolves itself into three main divisions. First, in the order of time, is the preparation in which the sole participant prepares, not only his beard, but his face as well for the forthcoming operation. Secondly, and widely considered the most important of all, comes the actual removal of the whiskers, commonly known as the execution. This technical term, however, has lately fallen into disuse with the passing of the straight razor. The third stage, the reparation, consists of carrying out all manner of repairs and applying one or more healing lotions to the skin.

The method and extent of the preparation varies with the individual. Its basic purpose is by softening the beard to render it more amenable to the action of the razor and by toning the skin to make it less likely to suffer damage from an uncautious handling of that instrument. To achieve this end some advocate nothing more than a hasty rinsing of the face with soap and water. Others, again, dispense with this first step entirely. This is a heresy widely prevalent among persons of the ultra-masculine variety, of which the neophyte would do well to beware.

### Shaving a Ritual

To a third class, the preparation constitutes almost a ritual. After the customary morning ablutions of the face, ears, and neck have been completed the beard is covered with a thickness of special face cream, purchased from the local barber or perfumery at one dollar per jar. This, however, may be replaced by ordinary mentholatum if necessary. A steamed towel is then placed over the face, with the nose left exposed in the interests of normal respiration, and is left in position for about one minute. With the removal of the towel the operative is ready to begin the next step in the process.

Several choices are again open to the man who would shave himself. He may decide to make use of the newer brushless shaving cream, or he may decide to make use of the older form of shaving soap, to be applied by vigorous brushing. If he decides on the former, the business of lathering will be accomplished by merely placing some of the cream on the tips of his fingers and applying it evenly over his face. If he decides on the latter, he is faced with the problem of deciding between the tube, the jar, or just plain soap. No matter which of these forms he decides upon, however, the method of application remains the same. Having obtained a brush he will dip it in hot water, place upon it a very small quantity of soap, and proceed to move the brush about over the surface of his face until a good thickness of lather is obtained. This action being completed, the time is now at hand for the removal of the beard.

At this point we come to the subject of the bitterest controversy in this whole field—the matter of the choice of the razor itself. Roughly there are two main branches of the razor family, those belonging to the class known generally as the straight razor, and those that belong to the safety razor group. Although the former is now lessening in popularity due to a commonly held belief that the latter possesses those qualities that its name would seem to indicate, both types still have a large number of professedly satisfied users. Either one is capable of giving a satisfactory performance provided that it is sufficiently sharp, and both tend to draw blood from the flesh in a quantity inversely proportionate to the time taken up in execution.

### Straight Razor

If the straight razor is decided upon the procedure is very simple and straightforward. The razor is opened to an angle of about two hundred and seventy degrees and the blade is rubbed briskly back and forth over the pigskin strop, one end of which is held in the left hand and the other fastened to the wall. Most satisfactory results are obtained if this is done with a rhythmic motion and it is suggested that the best method of achieving this is for the user softly to whistle "The Farmer in the Dell" in an allegretto movement.

The razor is now grasped firmly in one hand with the thumb and little finger on the under side and the blade held at an acute angle to the face. It is then moved downwards, at the same time drawing it slightly forward. This action is repeated until eventually an absence of soap will indicate that operations have been completed on that side of the face. This whole process having been repeated on the opposite side the moustache is then removed and this phase of the process has been completed.

If the choice has fallen to the safety razor the method of sharpening will depend on the sub-type to which that particular specimen may belong. If the blade is double-edged the most satisfactory procedure will be to use a new one or, failing that,

to rub an old one on the inside of a glass tumbler.

If it has but a single edge it will best be sharpened on a specially constructed strap which is usually purchased with the razor. The more expensive hybrid razor is usually accompanied by a refined form of grindstone which is contained in the case, and over which the blade is moved hurriedly to-and-fro by means of an intricate attachment on the handle.

The sharpening having proved reasonably successful, the actual shaving is proceeded with in much the same manner as with the straight razor. The instrument is moved over the face in a similar way, but in this case the blade must be held at right-angle to the skin to give the most satisfactory results. A common practice too with the safety razor is to re-lather the face and proceed to shave again this time moving the razor from the bottom to the top. While this may also be done with the straight razor the beginner is strongly advised to constrain himself in this attempt for the result almost invariably proves disastrous.

With the major portion of the beard removed the third and final stage may be entered upon. It is most desirable the face should again be rinsed with warm water, special attention being paid to the neck and the interior of the ears. This may be followed by an application of cold water in order to close the pores of the skin. If the operative is not in immediate need of material attention he may help to stop the bleeding from minor laceration by applying a stick of alum to the wound, and if this fails, he may find that a stick of moistened cigarette paper will suffice. To the portions of his skin remaining intact he may apply an after-shave lotion, following this with a dusting of scented talcum powder, fondly claimed by makers to possess the nebulous quality of a "real masculine odor." Thus the whole operation is completed.

Like starvation and marriage, shaving must be undergone before it can be appreciated. All that can be successfully transferred into words is the purely mechanical aspect of the operation. The mental and emotional reactions accompanying this process are, perhaps better left untold. The beginner, once the first thrill of soaping his face has worn off, will discover them for himself, together with the knowledge that the one sure way of learning to shave is by trial and error.

There are some people at whom experience shoots her arrow in vain.

## CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

(Continued from Page 3)  
room where Muriel lay "hors de combat."

The dancing and merriment continued in the adjoining room, but I had lost all interest in it. Suddenly my attention was drawn to Muriel. She seemed to be gasping for breath, but what was I to do? My host had placed a basin under my bed, but how was I to get it to her? I awkwardly clambered out of my bed and crawled on my hands and knees to Muriel's bedside pushing the basin in front of me. There I put the basin on the pillow beside her. Just then there was a break in the music, and I was able to call for help.

The others came in and after a short consultation, decided to give the girl some Worcester sauce and water. The effect was miraculous. In a short time, Muriel was on her feet again and went out to join in the dancing. But the same treatment had no effect on me. I remained in bed for the rest of the night, and was not able to get home until the next day.

The moral, ladies and gentlemen, is—don't mix your drinks!  
A MERRY MERRY CHRISTMAS

Religion: An attitude towards life which inspires idealism, and expresses itself in one's conduct.

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TO

The Faculty and Students of  
the University of Alberta





## ANNUAL SKI TRIP TO BANFF MOOTED BY OUTDOOR CLUB

Annual Christmas trip of the Outdoor Club will leave Calgary at 7:00 a.m. December 26 for Banff and the Canadian Rockies. A special bus has been chartered to carry the 30 skiers to Banff, and the all-inclusive fare has been set at \$11.50. The return trip will be made two days later, December 28.

Skiers will reach their destination, Sunshine Ski Lodge, in time for dinner on the first day. Four miles from Banff up to the lodge will be covered in a snowmobile. The camp clearing forms the centre of a huge snow bowl, with ideal mountain slopes on all sides, and is located just at timberline.

Sunshine camp offers the finest skiing available for both the expert and the beginner; downhill runs winding for miles in length tower as high as 2,000 vertical feet, and all converge at the chalet door. Expert guides lead parties to the various runs, and safety is the primary consideration. The best instruction for those desiring it is provided, Chas. Edwards teaching the finer techniques of skiing.

Capable hostesses and chaperones are in attendance for convenience of guests, and excellent meals are served at the day. In the massive log lounge games, dancing, radio programs, and of course fireside ski conferences, are featured. Constant two way radio communication is maintained with Banff, to facilitate accommodations and take care of any emergencies that might arise.

Latest word from Sunshine Ski Camp states that all slopes are covered with a fine powder snow, making skiing conditions the best in many years. Anyone interested in leaving by the special bus for the Outdoor Club trip should get in touch immediately with Ralph Fisher at 31791 or Pete Hudson in Athabasca.

## DEAR MA . . .

University of Alberta,  
Edmonton, Dec. 15, 1939.

Dear Ma:

I think I'd better come home for Christmas after all. And I'd better bring both shirts. And my other pants, too.

Because I think it would be just as well if I didn't come back to Varsity after Christmas.

In fact, I don't think I'll be able to.

I wrote those five exams I was telling you about. None of them took me longer than ten minutes.

No, it wasn't because I knew all the answers cold. I considered myself lucky if I was even able to write a sentence or two.

All the boys said that things weren't like high school around here. They said that nobody studied until after Christmas.

But they lied, Ma. Yes, they did. They lied. Because a lot of the fellows thought the papers were easy.

Everybody around here always talked about not doing any work. They all said it was about time they started, they were going to start next week-end, they only worked an hour last week, and I at that kind of stuff.

But they were working all the time, Ma.

I was the only one who was telling the truth when I said I wasn't working.

Anyway, Ma, at least I'm honest. Is that job at the General Store still open?

JOE.

## C.S.A. Local Folds Up As Two Executives Resign Posts; Only One Application Received

Reason for Collapse Lack of Student Interest in Program, Say Officials

### FINANCE COMMITTEE AT STANDSTILL

Canadian Student Assembly organization on the Alberta campus appeared to have folded up finally and completely this week. Ernie Shortliffe, president of the organizing committee, and Don Carlson, the secretary, handed in their resignations, leaving David Stansfield the only remaining committee member. Stansfield has not yet made known his intentions.

Complete lack of interest among the students here caused resignation of the president and secretary. Fred McKinnon, who was receiving applications to represent University of Alberta at the Ottawa C.S.A. conference, had obtained only one offer on Wednesday.

### Philharmonic Group Finish Casting; Start Polish Up "Iolanthe"

Neil Davidson, president of the Philharmonic Society announces that the preliminary work on the production of "Iolanthe" has been completed, and that the cast has been chosen. From now on the work will be mainly co-ordination of the orchestra, chorus, and principals.

The operetta will be presented in Edmonton on Jan. 26 and 27 and in Calgary on Feb. 2 and 3.

The part of the Lord Chancellor is to be played by Pat Blackstock, who until recently was scheduled to characterize Private Willis. Lieut. Col. W. G. Stillman, who was to have played the part of the Lord Chancellor is leaving shortly for overseas service, and hence is not able to continue with the production.

The following has been chosen as the cast:

Earl of Mountarat . . . Roy Amundsen  
Earl Toller . . . David Jones  
Strephon . . . Roger Flummerfelt  
Queen of the Fairies . . . Norma Madill  
Iolanthe . . . Marion Nancekivell  
Celia . . . Barbara Gillman  
Lelia . . . Barbara Williams  
Fleta . . . Doris McWhirter  
Phyllis . . . Margaret Hutton

In addition there will be a chorus of about 50 dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, barons, and ladies. The orchestra will be composed of 30 musicians.

The operetta "Iolanthe" is divided into two acts. The first is set in an Arcadian Landscape and the second act revolves about the Palace yard at Westminster. The date of the setting may be any time between the years 1700 and 1882.

The musical director of the production is Atha Paul Andrew, graduate in law last year. He has held this position for the last two years. The stage direction is in the capable hands of T. W. Dalkin. Choral Director is G. A. Kevan. Scenery is being made locally by William J. Watson.

Directors have found that the understudy system is working out very well. They predict that this year's production will be the best yet, as the cast of principals is the strongest that the Philharmonic has ever assembled.

Rehearsals are now being held on the new stage in Convocation Hall, and with the added facilities provided, great progress is being made.

Plans to finance the Ottawa delegates also appeared to have reached a standstill. Bill Milroy, appointed by the C.S.A. committee to handle efforts to raise the necessary sum, was undecided what action to take in the face of such a strong "laissez faire" attitude. Funds were to be raised by soliciting the help of prominent men interested in student activities and government, but due to the present position of the executive no contacts of this nature have yet been made.

Reflecting the attitude of Alberta students, attendance at the second mass meeting of the C.S.A. fell off 30 per cent. Twelve attended the first session, but only eight were present when the C.S.A. committee made their last effort to organize a local group.

An extremely reasonable fare, covering all expenses for the trip, is available, and it is understood that any student who is willing to pay his own expenses may attend the conference as an Alberta delegate. The national conference is scheduled for Christmas week, and will co-operate with similar sessions of the N.F.C.U.S. the S.C.M., and the C.U.P., on problems of student government. Representatives all over the Dominion will discuss means of co-ordinating and strengthening their efforts.



11009 89 Avenue,  
Edmonton, Alberta  
December 10, 1939

Editor, The Gateway,  
University of Alberta.

Dear Sir—The Canadian Student Assembly was organized throughout Canada, and more particularly on the Alberta Campus, to study student opinion on four issues on national importance. Moreover this student opinion was to be put forth, by way of brief, to the National Conference of the Assembly; at which conference it was hoped, that a national policy of the C.S.A. could be drawn up, based upon the opinions of students as a whole.

These four issues were:  
1. Canadian unity and nationhood.  
2. Canada in world affairs.  
3. Improving university education.  
4. Extending university education.

Now it appears obvious, to me at least, that without student support of the local branch of the C.S.A., it would be impossible to prepare any brief which could possibly be "representative of student opinion." Such support, (interest and active participation), was not forthcoming from the student body of this University.

This lack of support, caused the twelve students attending the last meeting of the C.S.A., on Friday, December 8, to doubt the advisability of raising funds to send delegates to Montreal to attend the National Conference. After considerable discussion, however, the meeting decided that if there was even a slight possibility of the C.S.A. functioning with student support on the Alberta campus, then it would not be bordering on insanity and uselessness to send the chosen delegates to Montreal.

In order to get some decision on the matter, I, as chairman, called for a motion on the question. Mr. Fred Pritchard complied with my request, somewhat as follows:

"On the slight possibility that student support of the C.S.A. will be forthcoming in the new year, I move that we send delegates to the Montreal conference, such delegates, and the number of them, to be decided by the delegates and finance committees."

It will be seen, sir, that such a motion postulated the C.S.A.'s continuance on the campus as at least a possibility.

This motion was defeated. Immediately, Mr. John R. Washburn, made the following motion: "I move we send delegates to Montreal."

It will be seen here, Mr. Editor, that this motion, particularly in coming after the defeat of the first one, DID NOT postulate the continuance of the C.S.A. In fact the first motions defeat, had pretty well removed such a possibility.

Particularly did the possibility seem removed after the second motion passed.

When I objected to such an attitude on the part of the meeting, I was accused of being "high and lofty" and of "making mountains out of mole hills." However, sir,

### Residence Feast Features Auction Clothes and Ties

Last Saturday evening Athabasca Hall was the scene of the annual Christmas Residence Banquet. The dining hall was filled to capacity when the inhabitants of Pembina, Athabasca, and Assiniboia Halls sat down to a dinner of roast turkey and mince pie, with all the Christmas trimmings.

Dinner finished, John Maxwell, the toastmaster, proposed a toast to the King, after which a thoroughly entertaining program commenced.

The first items on the program were two vocal solos by Marion Allison, a Freshette from Pincher Creek. Aylmer Ryan proposed a toast to the University. He briefly outlined its history, referring to humorous incidents that make life in residence so interesting. In the reply to this toast, Dr. Kerr reminded the students that the reputation of the University lay in their hands, and expressed his approval of the way in which they were carrying out their duty.

Following Dr. Kerr's address Dave Davids soothed all present by his sweet rendition on the trumpet, of "Stardust," but soon after brought out as many bad cases of heat rash with his version of the good old "Sugar Blues." Two young ladies, Mary Francis and Kay Macdonald caused more than one well-gorged listener to squirm with a guilty conscience when they sang a lesson in "How to eat."

Morris Shumiatier, the "Pembina Playboy," proposed a toast to the ladies. The reply was given by Fern McKeage, who quoted a cute poem. After Jack Shillabeer had played two piano solos that left many wondering why they had stopped taking piano lessons, Nellie Coyle, Bob Henderson and Dave Jones did a novelty number that reminded everybody of the "good old days" of vaudeville.

Before the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," Jack Neilson, Assiniboia's inimitable "Chanteur of the Show," led the students in community singing.

After the banquet, a tie sale for the Christmas Fund was held in the rotunda. Bruce Rankin, as auctioneer, was just getting in good enough shape to apply for a radio position with Lucky Strike, when he ran out of ties.

Johnny Maxwell started the sale off by buying the first tie. He was followed by Mrs. Kerr and then Dr. Kerr. Mr. Jones bought the highest priced tie of the evening when he paid \$3.25 for a solid red cravat that outdied the brightest sunset.

The biggest laugh of the sale was earned by Bob Emmersen when he auctioned off half a suit of clothes. The suit of clothes turned out to be that garment which a lady always wears next to her heart. S'd Legg, a lawyer with an aim in life, got off on the right foot by paying \$2 for it. Following this great transaction, Mrs. McEachern bought a pair of bloomers that should defy even the coldest winter.

Dr. Ower, Acting Dean of Medicine, auctioned off a tie for which only Mads were allowed to bid. They bid alright, but not for the tie.

The sale realized about \$55, a sum which should help the fund towards its objective.

After the sale had finished, the students danced to the music of Joe Chamberlain and his Orchestra.

### PROMISE YEAR BOOK PLEASING

In a statement to the Gateway, Del Foote, Director of the Evergreen and Gold, announced that the first two sections of the yearbook are in the hands of the printers.

Although he would not divulge any specific details, the director promises that the students will be agreeably surprised by the radical departures in yearbook design, which this year have been incorporated in the Evergreen and Gold. The feature pages are of an exceptional color and design. According to Foote, there has never been printed a yearbook of this style, with bizzariness the bynote of interest.

Ed Lewis, Business Manager of the yearbook, wishes to emphasize that only a limited number of copies are being printed.

high or low, lofty or not, the problem presents itself to me as follows:

The C.S.A. must have student support if it is to continue.

2. Such students support will not be forthcoming, at least in the opinion of the meeting, (and I am inclined to agree with them).

3. Thus the C.S.A. cannot continue as a student organization.

With this conclusion, sir, I fail to see how delegates can be sent to Montreal. How the Finance Committee of the C.S.A. can extract money from overtown business men and service clubs, to send delegates to Montreal, when the conference itself presupposes for its success, a student body which, on the return of the delegates, will be receptive to the report of the conference.

The problem of money has, of course been somewhat removed, by the suggestion of one of the executive members, that delegates might be found who "could pay their own way."

It looks to me, Mr. Editor, as if some people are more interested in the trip to Montreal at the reduced pool rate accorded C.S.A. delegates, than they are in the success of the C.S.A. itself.

In view of my feelings therefore, Mr. Editor, about the C.S.A. and the people who apparently make up its majority in Alberta, I am forced to publicly announce my resignation as chairman of the local branch of the Canadian Student Assembly.

Yours truly,  
E. C. Shortliffe.

## STUDENTS HERE VISITED CORONATION IN LONDON

By Marcel Lambert

This story may seem rather odd and it is with trepidation that I begin to gather the loose threads of thought that come to my mind. Writing such a feature is entirely an initial attempt but the editor has a heart of stone. He says it must be done. If, however those same fond memories that came back to me at this moment, should return to those of my readers whom this story concerns, I shall consider my efforts well spent.

Three years ago may appear to be a long time to most people but to some 320 young men and women across Canada it seems but yesterday that they were on the threshold of the most important event of their lives. For at that time a list of those high school students chosen to represent Canada at the coronation of King George VI had just been released.

Though most of them hardly knew how to restrain their excitement they could not envisage what was in store for them. Could they foresee the splendour of the Coronation spectacle, the awe-inspiring preview of Britain's mighty war fleet, the enthusiasm of the Youth Rally at Royal Albert Hall? I think not.

Though these may be the highlights we still have vivid pictures of the Tower, Buckingham Palace, Westminster, House of Parliament, Hampton Court Palace, the Temple, St. Paul's and dozens of other places of note that we were able to visit during our month's stay in London.

The rest of the ten weeks' tour was spent in visiting interesting centres of industry and historical landmarks in the country. A two weeks' stay in various English public schools gave us a taste of how young England goes about his studies. The last week gave us a chance to rest up at seacoast resorts and this respite from the continuous dashing here, there and everywhere was certainly welcome.

Of the group sixteen were from Alberta, eight boys and eight girls. Because of divergent schedules there was little opportunity to get together very often and we boys did not get to see the girls very often.

The trip was based on a scholarship plan but only a minor percentage of students were lucky enough to have funds provided by the school or townspeople.

However, all of us were overjoyed at not having to write exams and yet obtain a good standing.

Unknown to most students, seven of the Albertans are now spending their time here at the University. The girls outnumber the boys but

we anticipate that the score will be evened up next year.

Under the penalty of dire threats of bodily harm and whatnot, I am bound to give only names and meagre information without the embellishments of past history.

The dean of the group is Dick Douglas of Edmonton. An honors graduate of Westmount High, Dick is in his junior year in Honors Physics and an instructor in the Friday labs in Physics. After graduation his plans call for a position in a research laboratory.

A junior Commerce student is Violet Davidson of Castor. Violet is attending university under an I.O.D.E. scholarship. She is somewhat indefinite as to future plans but would like to get an executive position in some large retail concern.

Jack de Hart of Calgary is now in his second year of Arts and Law. Jack received his schooling at the Lethbridge Collegiate Institute. Those who know him, believe that Jack has now set his meticulous mind on the right track.

Heading the freshman list is Margaret Ferguson of Trochu. Margaret is enrolled in Arts and Medicine and last year was at Mount Royal College in Calgary.

Household Economics has another devotee in Florence Edwards of Edmonton. Originally from Calgary Florence completed her last two years at Seona High in Edmonton.

To add more variety Elizabeth Kerr of Camrose is a first year Arts student. Beth, as she is familiarly known to her friends, hopes to go through for her certificate in the School of Education.

Fast tiring seventh is, of all people, yours truly. A graduate of St. Joseph's High here in Edmonton, he has spent two years in a bank and then decided to find out more about the intricate maze of finance has enrolled in first years Arts and Commerce.

## CAMPBELL STATES STARS ACCESSIBLE

"Interplanetary travel is not as remote today as television was a hundred years ago," declared Prof. Campbell before a meeting of the Mathematics Club last Wednesday.

Speaking on the subject "A Rocket Flight to the Moon," he gave an interesting presentation of the theoretical possibilities of such an expedition.

Considering first, the manner of propelling a rocket ship, he indicated that mechanical devices of today were entirely useless. All our flying machines are dependent on the atmosphere for propulsion, and this occupies only a small fraction of the distance.

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# GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

## Sask. Squad Threat to Alberta's Hopes

### Professors' Team Triumphs In Faculty Co-Ed Basketball; Score Practically Unknown

Co-eds Arrive Dressed in Pajamas, While Members of Faculty Come Disguised

NEATBY AND IGNATIEFF STAR

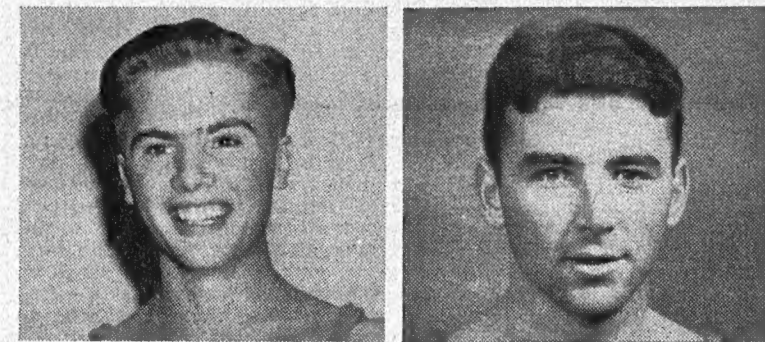
Friday, December 8, at precisely five minutes and ten seconds past the hour of ten, five thousand fans rose to their feet as one man, and cheered. One of them did anyhow. The referee drew a deep breath, and emitted a long whistling sigh of relief. The girls, who had just been beaten by the famous Faculty All Stars in the annual basketball classic, hung their heads in shame, while their opponents, our august faculty, rejoiced.

Before the game there were rumors that the game was to be a grudge fight. The coeds were alleged to have demanded a neutral referee, and the faculty felt that this was a deliberate attempt on the part of the coeds to decide the issue in advance. However as game time approached, this rumor was denied by the coeds, and the festivities were begun with mutual expressions of goodwill from these two great teams.

Following their traditional custom, the faculty appeared on the floor in disguises of various sorts. In the past the All Stars have always found that this plan confuses the girls no little, and it also adds to the color of the scene. The Coeds this year attempted to follow the same plan as the faculty in the matter of battle dress, but they met with no outstanding success. The Coeds arrived on the floor clothed for the occasion in evening gowns, known in the vulgar tongue as pyjamas. While this step didn't add materially to the co-eds' already slight chances of winning, it was never-the-less very pretty, and added a touch of refinement to the inspiring scene.

Dr. Neatby, appearing for the last time in the nondescript colors of the

ALBERTA'S BASKETBALL HOPES REST ON THESE MEN



Here are four men who should lead the Golden Bears basketball squad to a victorious campaign this season. They are, upper left: Bill McElroy, forward; upper right, Jack Neilson, guard; lower left, Albert Dobson, forward; and lower right, Brick Youniss, guard.

All Stars, played the finest game of his long and illustrious career in basketball. His usually fine style and effectiveness were at the very peak of their development, and he was a veritable tower of strength for the All Stars. Dr. Ignatieff too, played his usual scintillating game, and the coeds found that they could not cope with his excellent dribbling and shooting. Jake Jamieson never played a better game in his life, although at the beginning of the game he appeared to be in considerable apprehension of a repetition of the cowardly attack made upon his person last year. Mr. Hewetson and Mr. Preston of course played the steady brand of basketball which has made their names revered throughout the world of sports. Dr. Johns, Dr. Raymond, and Mr. Lilge, all new to this sort of guerilla fighting provided just the right touch of zest and enthusiasm to make the faculty almost invincible.

The coeds team was probably the best that has ever faced the powerful faculty steamroller. Such veterans as Ada Crowder, Margaret Hughes and Eileen Rushworth, aided and abetted by the finest group of newcomers ever seen by this writer, who has watched every kind of basketball in every clime, gave the girls' squad more scoring punch than they have ever had before. But even at that, they didn't have quite enough power to hold back the rampaging faculty.

That most famous and difficult of all plays, the Jack in the Beanstock play was again used by the faculty with their usual finesse. For pure beauty this magnificent method of attack is unsurpassed. It was originated by the faculty last year, and has since that time been attempted by every great team on the continent, but, alas, with no success. It consists of Dr. Neatby whipping Jake Jamieson up on his manly shoulders, and shooting from there. It is an almost infallible system for scoring baskets, but unfortunately, the ruling powers of basketball look upon its performance with a certain amount of disfavor, so 'tis said. They think that it is entirely too dangerous, and may lead to someone getting hurt. Be that as it may, nothing like it has ever been seen anywhere in the firmament, except on this campus.

The final score as released by the official score keeper, who, it is alleged can add, and therefore had no legal right to be scorekeeper, was twenty one for the faculty to twenty for the coeds. This score may be open to question, and has in fact, already been seriously doubted by certain females of the species. This is indeed regrettable. Hints have also been cast out that the timekeeper was illegally provided with a watch with hands on it, but this rumor has been categorically denied by both teams. These rumors are not taken very seriously by either of the two high contracting parties, to wit, Faculty and Coeds.

The integrity of the referees can never be doubted. Of course there were vast numbers of infractions of the rules which went unnoticed, but the referee's explanation that he wore his sun glasses by mistake, instead of his usual field glasses is accepted for what it is worth.

And so we must now wait another year to again see this magnificent, this awe inspiring and mediocre game of basketball played. The coeds have sworn a solemn oath that next year they will not go down to ignominious defeat. The faculty are firm in their conviction that their honors are sewed up for decades, yea centuries to come. Only time will tell. Only Allah knows who will win the coveted honors next year. As the philosophers say when they gather for tea and crumpets: "He

#### \* FENCERS WORKING UNDER NEW COACH \*

Twice each week, on Monday and Wednesday evenings, the Fencing Club meets in Athabasca gym. This year is one of the most successful that the club has enjoyed since its origination on the campus five years ago. As in the past, the club is under the direction of Coach Wettersberg, who is assisted by an executive comprising of Dick Hoar, president, and Marg. Upton, secretary.

This year's membership of 40 is one of the largest in the club's history. Nearly half of the members are Freshmen, so the task of teaching them all the art of sword wielding is a heavy one for the coach. However, he is being helped by some of the more experienced fencers such as Jim Saks and Dick Hoar.

In order to keep all members occupied a series of club tournaments, in which each member of the club fights all other members at least once during the season is being played off. These tournaments also help to get the fencers in trim for the Inter-Collegiate Fencing Tournament, which will be held in February in connection with the Inter-Collegiate Boxing and Wrestling Tournament. The club should be represented by an experienced team, since nearly all of its former tournament fencers are still here. These members are being put through their paces by Coach Wettersberg, who is teaching them more advanced strokes.

The annual party and dance was held in Joe's Auditorium. The 30 members who attended danced to their heart's content, and then sat down to a supper at which novelties added to the entertainment. Because of the increased membership it has been necessary to purchase new equipment. The girls are now strutting around as proud as can be in their smart new jackets. Great difficulty has been encountered in obtaining new foils and blades as most of these weapons are made in Germany, the war has caused a shortage of them on the American market.

Although the club is in its fifth year, it has never before had pin or shield of any kind, but this year it has chosen a pin for members. It is in the form of a sword mounted on an armour helmet, and is patriotically colored in green and gold.

#### NOTICE

Coach Jamieson wants all members of the boys' and girls' basketball teams to get in touch with him so that practices can be arranged for those students during the holidays. The coach wants the team to be in the best of condition for the intercollegiate series that is to be held at the beginning of February. The Bears will have a tough assignment after the New Year and it is hoped that the Bears will be able to bring back the trophy. The team must co-operate with the coach when he is so interested in the team that he even wants practices during the holidays.

who sticks out his neck will almost surely have his head whittled off, or at least severely kicked." Therefore no prophesies are offered.

Lineup of Teams  
Faculty—Dr. Neatby, Dr. Ignatieff, Dr. Healy, Dr. Raymond, Mr. Lilge, Mr. Hewetson, Dr. Johns, Mr. Hewetson, Mr. Whyte, Mr. Preston.

Coeds—Ada Crowder, Eileen Rushworth, Margaret Hughes, Hamilton, Cramer, Robertson, Gulick, Asselstine. With apologies to those girls whose surnames only appear.

### Huskies Hopeful Basketball Team To Be Most Powerful In History of Saskatchewan

Two Towering Guards are Johnson and Hargraves, Both Hitting Six Foot Four

CLAIM HUSKIES TO WIN TROPHY

By Arnold Running

It is expected that the University of Saskatchewan will have one of its strongest basketball teams to compete in the Rigby series. There are only a few of last year's squad on the team, but the newcomers have had great experience, and are expected to lead the Green and White squad to victory.

The guard positions have been filled by Johnson and Hargraves. These two boys are six feet, four inches in height, and last year starred with the University Orphans. Kalhn, last year with the Huskies; Probert of Swift Current, and Cherry of the Huskies will make up the reserves.

Taylor and Norm Cram will share the centre position.

Taylor was with the Huskies last year and is reported to be playing even better basketball than he did last year. He is expected to have his greatest year with the team. Norm Cram was with the last year's Orphans and is one of the best ball handlers and shots on the team.

In the wing position, the team were fortunate in obtaining the services of Pete MacKenzie, who played with the Saskatoon Grads last year, when they were Saskatchewan champs. He was the team's highest scorer, and is expected to lead the Huskies attack. On the other wing position we have Ron Stafford, fourth year, with the Huskies. He has played marvelous basketball for the Huskies in previous years and is considered to be the best player ever to wear the Green and White colors. He also has the reputation of being the smartest floor player on the team. The line of Taylor, MacKenzie and Stafford will bear some watching in any league.

As substitutes for the first line, there is Alfred Street, third year with the Huskies. He is a smooth shooting wingman with plenty of finish. Jack Adelman is with the team after having a very successful season with "Y" Trollers in the city league last year. Jack is a member of the Huskies rugby team and will be remembered here for his speed. He is reported to be just as fast on the floor as he was on the rugby field.

Don Lanskill and Gerry Smithwick, a couple of newcomers round off the powerful Huskie aggregation. Lanskill is from Regina College and he is showing great promise. Smithwick was a member of the Saskatoon Technocrats last year, when they won the provincial junior championship. He is well known on the Alberta campus as a result of his wonderful performance in the rugby series. He played end on the Huskies.

whether Manitoba is definitely entered. The situation is expected to be settled during the Christmas holidays.



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## Varsity Fortunate To Have Stan Moher as Hockey Coach For Second Successive Year

Has Been Outstanding at Turning Out Fine Hockey Squads in the City for Several Years

WAS WESTERN TENNIS CHAMP

That the senior hockey team is indeed fortunate in having such a coach as Stan Moher is the opinion of all that have had the good fortune to meet him. Stan—he is just the type of person you call by his first name the first time you meet him—is young enough to handle young men understandingly, and as he only stopped playing hockey himself in 1936, he really knows what it is all about.

Coach Moher was born in Peterborough, Ontario, just 29 years ago—which might be of interest to feminine fans. He came west to Edmonton in 1912 and has been here ever since.

Mr. Moher went through school in the city, going from Separate High to Normal. He has also had some university work. He is on the staff of Grandin School in the city.

### BEAR COACH



Stan Moher, coach of the Golden Bears hockey team in their successful season last year, who will be filling the same position again this season.

## JAMIESON HOPES BASKETBALL TEAM VARSITY'S BEST

Senior basketball has always occupied an important place in the long list of sports which are offered to students at the university of Alberta. Alberta teams have in the past been respected members of the city senior basketball league, and have never failed to give a good account of themselves.

This year there is unfortunately no league for them to play in, but with the Intercollegiate series with Saskatchewan to look forward to later on in the year, the men are bentling themselves with a will to the task of building of a formidable combination to tackle their green and white rivals from the eastern province.

Coaching of the Golden Bears is in the capable hands of J. C. Jamieson. He is a player of some note himself, having played on some of the best teams in Canada, and at present is the mainstay of that scintillating organization, The Faculty Basketball team. He has in the past turned out some very fine teams, and it is expected that with the material he has at hand this year, he will surpass all his previous efforts.

This years team is built around three or four men who have had experience in the past on Varsity teams, and these men, with the co-operation of the newcomers, who appear to be very good material, should make a team that will be very hard to beat.

Thumb nail sketches of the players will serve to acquaint everyone with the men that will carry Alberta's basketball hopes this year:

Stan Cameron—Six feet. Weighs

Although primarily interested in hockey, Stan has found time to actively participate in other sports. He played senior baseball in town—performing in the infield.

Then in 1927 Stan was crowned junior Western Canadian tennis champion. You tennis players will realize just what that means. Then later he teamed up with Gene Carrigan—now playing pro hockey in St. Paul—to take the city men's double championship. Mr. Moher ranked sixth among men players in the province.

He broke into hockey back in 1937 with the "Maple Leafs." From that time on he was an outstanding player with local clubs. He starred for Superiors, Forty-niners, and Imperials. Ending up his hockey by playing with Edmonton's professional hockey team, the Eskimos, in 1934 and 1935.

His undoubted ability as a coach was amply demonstrated by his Edmonton Athletic Club Juniors advancing into the Western Canada finals two years ago.

This is Stan's second year as coach of the Golden Bears. The team is off to a good start this year with a win over the Garrison, and Stan expects that after Christmas the boys will really get going.

Of something we can be sure, win, lose or draw, every member of the team will benefit immeasurably from the understanding, sympathetic coaching of Stan Moher. Varsity is indeed lucky in its hockey coach.

170 pounds. Stan is a centre, and is usually good for quite a share of points in any game. This is his third years with the Bears.

Dave McElroy—Five feet eleven inches. Weighs 145 pounds with his hat on. Dave is a dangerous forward, and a good shot.

Albet Dobson—Five feet eleven inches, weighing 148 pounds. Dobby is a very tricky and efficient centre, and an excellent ball handler. This is his fourth year with the Bears.

Bill Anderson—Five feet ten inches. Weighs 155 pounds. Played right wing with the Lethbridge college institute. A welcome addition to the Bears. First year with the team.

Earl Dixon—Six feet two inches, 160 pounds. The smallest player on the team. Guard formerly with Lethbridge college institute. First year with the Golden Bears.

Jack Neilson—Five feet ten inches, weighing 175 pounds. Jack is of rugby fame. Played guard with the Saskatchewan Juniors, expected to be a valuable addition to the Bears.

Brick Younie—Five feet eleven inches, weight 152 pounds. Brick is a very dependable guard. This is his second year with the Bears.

Dave Brown—Five feet eleven inches, 155 pounds. Dave played forward for Victoria High, and should be good. First year with the Varsity squad

Tom Paine—Six feet, weight 140 pounds. Tom is a forward with one year's experience on the Golden Bears.

## SPORT SLANTS

By  
DON JACQUEST

This is your Uncle Don bringing you your last little story for the year 1938. It always helps in the writing of a column when there is as little sport news as there is this week so we will give you an idea of how a sports editor gets out a sport's page. As I say there is no news for me to spread.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first week of publication this year, you will recall was a busy one. To start with, a fourteen page sheet was run off. You collected your copy from the Arts Rotunda or the Gateway office and then threw it away without giving another thought as to the work put in that paper by the staff members. We refer of course more particularly to the Sport staff, in fact to the Tuesday staff.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those who are condescending enough to bother reading the Sport Section generally have fault to find with it. In fact the real reason we are not writing an ordinary column this week is that we still have a headache from listening to complaints of subscribers complaining that this or that club has not been given enough publicity. Let us tell you what happens form the time that the Friday paper goes down to the printshop until ditto happens to the Tuesday issue.

\* \* \* \* \*

Assignments are put in the assignment book and are to be initialed by reporters. This to indicate that they will write the story and hand it in by the indicated time, usually Monday at 8:30. Meanwhile the advertising department has made up page dummies from which we can see just how much news will be needed. As usual comes Monday night and still no copy has come in.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Editor wanders home weary and sick at heart knowing full well that once again that he will have to stoop to the degrading practise of "scalping" from numerous other papers. Comes Tuesday. The paper must be ready to go to press by twelve o'clock. The Editor and Assistant Editors have a full morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the last minute club secretaries rush in with club notices. And finally with the aid of the staffs of the various departments, all sorts of notices and numerous of ancient cuts (generally of graduates) the page is ready to go down. This having been done the Ed. and assistants crawl to Tuck for coffee and a smoke.

\* \* \* \* \*

But too soon. A phone call causes all three of the Tuesday Sport staff to dash back to the Gateway office to find that mistakes have been made which cause a reshuffle of the page. Advertisements moved around perhaps; more likely a head which is too long for the column width. Then having once again seen the page downstairs the Editor goes home to bed for the rest of the week. There he interviews club secretaries with complaints. In an attempt to get out the Sport Section some club has not been mentioned. And so it goes on. Who would be a sports editor.

## WALLIS TO COACH BADMINTON CLUB ON WEDNESDAYS

Racquet Organization Has Largest Turnout in History—Intervarsity Tournament

After starting the present season with a club tournament which saw the largest turnout in its history, the Badminton Club is still going strong. Each Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings from 15 to 20 players turn up in Athabasca gym to play the game which is recognized as one of the best forms of exercise among all winter recreations.

Club fees this year are \$1.00, but students must supply their own birds. To ease the latter difficulty, a token system has been adopted whereby all players share expenses in proportion to the amount they play. It has proven quite successful.

Most of last years players have returned, and have been joined by a large number of Freshies, many of whom show great promise. With this combination of experience and fresh stock, club teams should show up quite well.

In past years there have been no Inter-Varsity badminton tournaments, but there is a possibility that one might take place this year. No definite arrangements have yet been made, but officials are hopeful that their club will have a chance to uphold the name of the University of Alberta in yet another way.

Soon after the New Year the members plan to hold another club tournament which will be open to all members. Later on in the spring Varsity will be represented at two more tournaments which should be of interest to badminton fans. As usual a team will be sent to compete in the Edmonton city tournament. Since the provincial championships are to be held in Edmonton this year, the club will also send representatives to compete with Alberta's top-ranking players.

This year the club has engaged the services of Jack Wallis, a professional coach from Toronto. Jack is a player with plenty of experience behind him. Last year he played in the American Open Badminton Tournament, and has placed well in many Canadian tournaments. He is also a professional golfer of no mean ability, and last year played in the Canadian Open Golf Tournament.

Each Wednesday he is on hand in the gym to help those desirous of coaching. The club has arranged to have all its repair work done through him.

The club plans to hold a dance for its members some time during the next term.

The present executive consists of Bob Inkpen, president; Louise Marshall, vice-president; and Peggy Hurlburt, secretary-treasurer.

## RINK RENOVATIONS . . . . .

Under the direction of Doc Webster and Manager Gibson the Varsity rink has undergone many changes and improvements preparing it for a big year.

The Varsity dressing rooms have been remodeled, nearly doubling the space that can be used. More benches have been fixed, giving much more seating room for the players. The room now is painted in green and gold and is set off with a new green and gold movable stick-rack. The walls and ceiling have all been carefully insulated before they were repainted.

All of the heating equipment, and the plumbing has been overhauled and fixed up ready to go.

The rink was built in 1926 with money furnished by the students, but due to connection with the Senior Hockey league the debt was

paid off in six years. Since then it has filled an important place in the history of U. of A. sport, and has been the scene of many a victory. Possibly the greatest game ever played under that roof was the one a few years ago when the Varsity squad came from behind in the last ten minutes to defeat Manitoba 3 to 1.

This year too promises to have some thrilling games, but until the weather man lets Manager Gibson build a good sheet of ice they can not be played in the Varsity rink. Three weeks ago there was nearly ice enough for skating, but the following warm spell soon ruined that. For the present we can only wait, but as soon as the mercury begins to dip below freezing we can look forward to another great year for the Varsity rink.

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Christmas Supper Dance, 9 p.m. to Midnight  
Couvert Charge, \$1.00 per person  
Music by Stan Ingalls and His Orchestra

**SUNDAY, DEC. 24th**  
Afternoon Tea, 4 to 6 p.m.  
Christmas Eve Dinner, 6 to 9 p.m.  
Featuring Dennis Clayton and His Concert Orchestra  
6:30 to 8:30 p.m. Regular Prices

**MONDAY, DEC. 25th**  
Afternoon Tea, 4 to 6 p.m.  
Special Christmas Luncheon, Noon to 4 p.m.  
Special Christmas Dinner 5:30 to 9 p.m., with Dancing  
Music by Stan Ingalls and His Orchestra  
Regular Prices

**TUESDAY, DEC. 26th**  
Special Tea Dance, 4 to 6 p.m.  
75c per person, including Tax  
Music by Stan Ingalls and His Orchestra

PHONE THE HEAD WAITER FOR RESERVATIONS

**SATURDAY, DEC. 30th**  
Supper Dance, 9 p.m. to Midnight  
Afternoon Tea, 4 to 6 p.m.  
Music by Stan Ingalls and His Orchestra

**SUNDAY, DEC. 31st**  
Afternoon Tea, 4 to 6 p.m.  
Regular Dinner, 6 to 9 p.m.  
New Year's Eve Celebration  
Dinner Served, 10 p.m. to Midnight  
Dancing, Midnight to 3 a.m.  
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Special Breakfast, 4 to 6 a.m.  
\$1.00 per person  
Special New Year's Luncheon  
Noon to 4 p.m.  
Special New Year's Dinner  
5:30 to 9 p.m., with Dancing  
Music by Stan Ingalls and His Orchestra  
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## Bears Trounce Garrison Team In Basketball Practise Game; Superior in All Departments

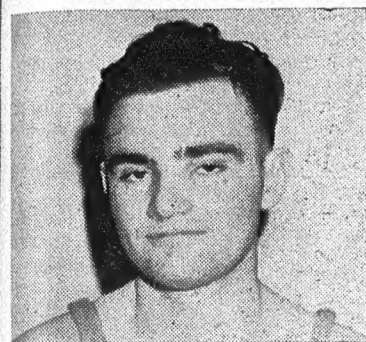
Cameron and Shecter Lead Varsity Team to 38-11 Victory

PETE CARR-HARRIS GARRISON THREAT

The Bears Basketball team scored their second win of the current season on Thursday night when they defeated the Garrison by a one-sided 38-11 score. The Varsity team showed their superiority in their plays and floor work.

Led by Stan Cameron and Shecter with eight points each the Bears went into the lead early in the game and from then on had the game well under control. Coach Jamieson insisted that the players try some of the plays that he has organized for them. If they scored when they should have passed the ball, they were taken from the floor and given a stern talking to by the mentor. Undoubtedly the Bears could chalk up a more

### SHARPSHOOTER



Stan Cameron, who, with Joe Shecter, led Varsity to a convincing victory over the Garrison, 38-11, in a pre-season practice game.



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## GREEN & GOLD

By  
Earl Moffat

There are possibilities that the Golden Bears hockey team may travel to the coast during the Xmas holidays. The two teams have been corresponding for the past two weeks, and although nothing is definitely decided as yet, the Bears are still hoping that it will materialize. If the team finally decides to go, they will play two games, one against New Westminster and the other against the U.B.C. Thunderbirds.

The Golden Bears are continuing their practices at the arena and Coach Stan Moher informed this corner that the boys were rounding into fine condition. Bert Crockett of the arena has given the team four free practices, to keep them in condition until the Varsity rink gets their own sheet of ice. This was really appreciated by the members of the team and all members of the college.

"Butch" MacKay is really starring with the Flyers and will be greatly missed when he leaves the team at the New Year. He will have an advantage over the rest of the team as he has played a lot more games and in faster company. Great things will be expected of Butch when he returns to the Green and Gold colors.

The University of Saskatchewan are expected to have one of the most powerful basketball teams to wear the Green and White uniforms. They are confident that they can retain the Rigby trophy. We are of the opinion that they may get a surprise when they meet the team that Coach Jamieson has chosen to represent Alberta.

The U.B.C. are hoping to get in a senior hockey league at the coast. They really must have a strong team to enter such a league as there is a great difference in the brand of hockey played by a senior team and an intermediate.

The University of Toronto are starting their western tour very shortly and no definite word has been received whether they will play the Bears. They are to play the Thunderbirds the 19th of this month. It would be a real treat for the Alberta campus to watch a team in action that has been coached by "Ace" Bailey, who was a star on the Toronto Maple Leafs until injured a few years ago. Possibly it will be arranged for on their return trip.

The Bears will have a tough assignment ahead of them after Xmas as they have only played one game in the intermediate league. It is a 12 game schedule for each team, and seeing that there is no ice except at the arena, no home games could be played by the Bears. It would cost a fortune to play the games at the arena, so the league has decided to wait until the weather breaks. . . . Further the Bears will have the intercollegiate series to play which will consist of two home and home games with Saskatchewan and Manitoba. The last report from the U. of M. didn't say definitely whether they were entering the series. However, it is hoped that the situation will be settled early in the new year.

A new rule was brought into play the night that the faculty played the girl's senior team in the Benefit game. The teams went into overtime as the faculty were behind at regulation time. The ruling was that it is customary for the faculty to win.

It was too bad that the basketball team couldn't get into a city league. All the games that they play now are exhibition and there is never the same interest taken in that sort of game. They need a lot of games before the intercollegiate series and should have some tough opposition. So far they have played the "Y" Amis and the Garrison but haven't had much trouble with them.

Coach Jamieson is hoping that those players that reside in the city will be able to turn out and practise during the holidays. The girls are also requested to get in touch with the coach so that they can arrange workouts for the holidays. It is tough on a coach when the team goes home for two weeks and don't even look at a basketball.

Garrison got five while the Bears collected 21. This really proves that the Bears have power, even if the Garrison isn't as strong as it should be. It is hoped that the Bears will meet a lot of tough teams before they play games that really count for the cup.

### Varsity Radio Station Plans Winter Hockey Broadcasts

For the second consecutive year the home games of the University hockey team are to be broadcast over the University studio CKUA. In all about a dozen hockey games will go out over the air for the benefit of Varsity fans who are unable to attend the games. Last year a few games were broadcast but this is the first year that quite such an extensive program has been drawn up.

Of primary importance on the list to be broadcast are the Inter Varsity games, of which four will likely be played on home ice.

This year for the first time the hockey fans, supporters of other universities will be able to follow a play by play report of their teams fortunes when the Inter-Varsity hockey games are played on Edmonton ice.

A few years ago University of Alberta led the way in the west when she started broadcasting student activities. Under Paul Malone play by play sport reports were

started, but during the next few years all but the News broadcasts were discontinued. Last year the hockey games went out over the air waves, but for the first time, this year, we are going to have a regular broadcast schedule.

This year other western universities have followed Alberta's lead and have broadcast some of their activities. Saskatchewan has started a radio dramatic club, and Manitoba broadcast a rugby game. Alberta has a great advantage in this, since she has her own station.

The announcers have not definitely been chosen, but it is quite likely that either Don Carlson or Fred Pritchard will be the U. of A. Foster Hewitt. Due to the lack of a suitable "Mike" room this is no easy task in the Varsity rink.

The Inter-Varsity basketball games will also be broadcast. A complete schedule will be printed when the hockey schedule is drawn up.

## Green and Gold Puck Sextet Impatiently Waiting For Cold Weather To Bring Ice Sheet

Intermediate League at Standstill as Jack Frost Boycotts Alberta

ALSO LACK OF INTERCOLLEGIATE SCHEDULE

Hockey, one of the most important sports at Varsity, has suffered a serious setback this year due to the absence of a certain white-garbed young man named Jack Frost. As yet there is no ice at the Varsity rink and as half of the Intermediate Hockey league games must be played here, it has been impossible to arrange a league schedule for the season.

Another league which has not yet drawn up a schedule is the Intercollegiate league and this is another factor which is holding up the Intermediate league.

Only one game has been played so far in the City league and the Varsity team lived up to advance notices by defeating

the Garrison squad in a closely fought battle that saw the Bears on the long end of a 5-3 score after the overtime period. Pat Costigan, Bear defenceman, who has earned the reputation of being a first-rate sharpshooter, broke the deadlock by scoring both overtime goals. The game as a whole, however, was a trifle ragged, and it is felt that before a smooth-working championship team can be produced the boys will have to work much harder.

General opinion among hockey enthusiasts seems to be that the Cardinals will be the team that Varsity will have to beat. The winner of last year's league, the Gainers, did not enter this year, but all their players except one are playing for the Cardinals and the vacancy has been filled by Ralph Morgan, a classy forward who ought to do the job and then some.

Sending a slightly altered team to represent Varsity this season, Coach Stan Moher believes that this year he has the team he has been building for.

Following is a thumbnail sketch of each of the regular players of the Varsity team:

**Bud Chesney**—Weight 145 pounds. Played junior in Edmonton and with Luscar. Third year with the Bears. Engineer.

**Dave MacKay**—Defence. Weight 200. Fourth year with the Bears. Coach Moher loaned him to the Flyers for four games and Dave is getting valuable experience there. Engineer.

**Don Stanley**—Centre. Weight 175 pounds. Third year with Golden Bears. Engineer.

**George Stuart**—Left wing. Weight 170 pounds. Second year with the Bears. Agriculture.

**Verne Drake**—Right wing. Weight 155 pounds. Fourth year with the Bears. Engineer.

**Gordon Darling**—Right wing. Weight 160 pounds. Second year with the Bears. Arts.

**Pat Costigan**—Weight 165 pounds. Third year with Varsity team. Medicine.

**M. Santopinto**—Defence. Weight 180 pounds. First year with Varsity. Played for Gonzaga University last year. Agriculture.

**Clive Felstead**—Right wing. Weight 145 pounds. Played for Eskimos last year. Commerce.

**Bob Graves**—Left wing. Weight 155 pounds. Second year with the Bears. Engineer.

**Jack Crowder**—Left wing. Weight 150 pounds. Second year with the team. Arts.

The position of goalkeeper is still loose with Smith and Sutherland battling for the honors.

The Garrison has brought a strong team into the league and following is their lineup:

Goal, Goodall; defence, Spencer, Morrison; forwards, Willis, Mitchell, Jenkins; subs, Sinclair, Olson, Leta, Berry, Miller and Kulyk.

Army and Navy Cardinals, fielding the team that Gainers had last year have a strong team that looks

### ST. JOE'S LEAGUE ADJOURNED UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS

The college basketball has been discontinued until after the Christmas holidays. With Brother Azarias refereeing the games have become cleaner and faster.

N. Costigan's Thunderbirds are still leading the league. J. Riffle's Killerdillers have climbed over Du-mont's Dynamiters to take second place. The following is the standing according to points, Thunderbirds 11; Killerdillers 8; Dynamiters 7.

King Chervinski is one of the main reasons the Killerdillers have been climbing up so fast the last few games. Chervinski is fast becoming the College's outstanding player.

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## Saskatchewan Puck Prospects Not Hopeful For Coming Year As No Pre-Holiday Practice

Team Will Miss Lawry Lanford and Herb Pinder in Coming Hockey Season

REG BREHAUT TO BE COACH

### WILLOX STARS AS DELTAS SMOTHER PEMBINITES TEAM

With a score of 32-5, the Delta Gamma basketball team, really downed the Pembinites in last Tuesday's House League game. In this encounter Marg Willox and Marg Hannah, boosted their individual scores considerably by scoring 16 and 10 points respectively. On the Pembina team Betty Newman was responsible for 2 baskets, and Peggy Trotter for a free shot. The second game was won by the Tri Deltas as the Towners were forced to default due to lack of players.

On Thursday night the Delta Gammars were again successful, but this time by a much smaller margin, when they defeated the Tri Deltas 11-6. M. Hannah, M. Willox and J. MacDonald scored for the Delta Gammars, but most of the credit for the victory should go to Honor Evans, for the way she stuck to her post as guard. The points for the Tri Deltas were chalked up by Dorothy Legate and Maureen Maxwell. With Betty Owsley making three of the four baskets, the U.V.H. girls beat Pembina 8-0 in the second game of the evening. It was a very close contest, but the Nurses had a sufficient edge to make them the victors.

Coralling seven of a possible eight points, the Nurses' basketball team stands at the head of the league. The second place is held jointly by the Delta Gammars and the Pi Phis, each of whom have six points. As the standing indicates, there is keen rivalry among the teams and all games have been closely contested. In the 56 games to be played after Christmas just as much interest is anticipated. Since this competition is so strong, and as yet it is barely a half way point in the season, it would be difficult to predict which team will end up on top.

In the individual scores, Marg Willox leads her runner up, Marg Hannah by five points, having accumulated 29 in the four games she has played. The Delta Gamma girls have quite a lead followed by the Pi Phis, Peggy Malloy and Babe McKenzie, with 15 and 14 points respectively.

The University of Saskatchewan are at a disadvantage this year in that they have no ice to date and will be unable to start practising until after the Christmas holidays. It will give the Bears a great advantage in that they have had nine practices and have started the Intermediate league.

There are a few of last years team on hand but without Lawry Lanford, their star goalie, and Pinder, their rugged defenceman, the team will have to be rebuilt around some of the new players that are anxious to try out. So far they have a list of about 60 who wish to try out for positions on the new team. It is hoped that the players will get into shape during the holidays and that the coach will only have to work on plays and not on getting the men into condition.

The Huskies were, however, fortunate in getting Reg Brehaut to coach the team. He is a former coach of the noted Saskatoon Wesleys a number of years ago when they won the Western Canada championship in Winnipeg. In 1928 he was the mentor of the Huskies when they were Allan Cup finalists. Reg has coached nearly every team in Saskatoon, including the Quakers in the amateur and the Crescents in the pro loop. It is certain that Reg will have a real team and if the squad can get ice and round into shape they may surprise the Bears who are supposed to be the strongest team to ever wear the Green and Gold colors.

The Intercollegiate series is scheduled for the end of January, in which it is hoped that there will be two home and home games with the three teams. As yet it has not been definitely decided whether the University of Manitoba will be able to play two games on their home ice or just the one.

As far as the University of Saskatchewan is concerned the University of Manitoba will have to come into both the hockey and basketball for a four game home and home series. They refuse to give the Winnipeggers financial assistance. At first the Manitobans refused to play only one game of each at home and the same abroad. When Saskatchewan and Alberta both frowned on this they suggested that they play only hockey and leave the basketball for another year. This however, did not prove satisfactory to the U. of S. as hockey practically has no sup-

## SANTOPINTO REVEALS ALL ABOUT GONZAGA

The great display of sportsmanship at our American college athlete activity, often makes a Canadian student wonder how our colleges compares with them in sporting activities. Looking around for such information, the Gateway contacted Mageste Santopinto, former student and hockey star of Gonzaga, who plays a stellar role on defence for our own Golden Bears this year.

Mr. Santopinto informs this corner, that it is more a contrast than a comparison. After attending University of Alberta for some two and one half months, he is of the opinion that it is a comparison of a sporting college with an academic college.

The same interest of an American college is to send a team of footballers to the Rose Bowl or bring home to the college halls, a cup representing the championship in some sport. In a Canadian college such as University of Alberta, a Rhodes scholarship, or even a Noble prize to one of her students, would have the same effect.

Alberta has sports however, and they are not bad in comparison with Gonzaga, when the fact is taken into

consideration that four ninths of the students are planted in college free gratis to play on the college team. In the University of Alberta a sportsman has to find time between studies to play, and when he plays, he is playing for nothing more than his Alma Mater.

True sportsmanship I would say. Sport-minded students at Gonzaga are given extra classes, and also given more consideration than other students. Wouldn't U. of A. hockey and rugby players like this. In the class rooms in this university, they are just one of the boys.

Instead of walking to practice, carrying a load of equipment, and probable stragling in ten minutes late, in Gonzaga the player is called for in a taxi. How lovely or is it soft. Mr. Santipinto liked it.

The University of Gonzaga sent their hockey team last spring over parts of the United States and Canada, advertising the college. Alberta should have a good advertisement with this years Golden Bears, if such a thing took place here.

The reason for the great interest in sport at Gonzaga may be attributed to the fact that the college is entirely inhabited by boys, while Alberta has quite a number of the weaker sex. Maybe Alberta would sooner have girls, and maybe girls like football heroes. Well there is University of Alberta and Gonzaga on the same continent.

### MEDS LEADING IN BASKETBALL

#### LEAGUE STANDING

Meds	3	0	6
Ags "A"	1	1	2
Comm	1	1	2
Engineers	1	0	2
Ags "B"	1	1	2
Arts	0	1	0
Law	0	1	0
Pharm Dents	0	2	0

On Tuesday, Dec. 5, the Meds defeated the Ags "B" to the tune of 35-15. The game was plenty rough with everyone having one or two fouls.

Larsen and Young led the Meds, collecting 12 and 10 points respectively. Toogood was high scorer for the Ag "B" team, collecting seven points.

Meds—Larsen 12, Young 10, Dobson 4, Tredger 4, Brooks 4, Anderson 1. Total 35.

Ags "B"—Toogood 7, Vikse 6, Lampitt 2, Hanson, Patchings, Carmichael, Anderson, McPherson, Olsen, Jackson. Total 15.

port there and they hoped that the basketball would help make up the \$1,000 that they pay for the hockey. Basketball is a very popular sport on their campus and if they weren't such good sports they may refuse the U. of M. entrance in the hockey unless they enter and play two home and home games in basketball. It is hoped that the situation will be settled before the new year.

### ERIC HALE'S QUINTET LEADS AGGIE BOWLERS

The Ag Bowling league has been doing right well for itself. Up to date Captain Hall has piloted his team to the top, winning 11 games and losing 7. Campbell and McCallum tying for top billing. The other teams are coming along but seem to be losing more frames than they win.

We have some pretty good bowlers—and the averages are fair. Last week Harry Uretsky had a high single game of 302. Swell work Harry! Dave Leggett is another asset to his team with a high three game score 9,641. D. Campbell has turned in the highest 3 game score so far, a 394, which is good bowling in any man's language.

The league standing for last Saturday:

Team	Won	Lost
Hale	11	7
McCallum	11	7
Campbell	11	7
Christensen	10	8
Leggett	10	8
White	9	9
Belyea	8	10
Folomack	8	10
Boulton	6	12
Anderson	6	12

### Residences Carry On House League Games Actively, But Quietly

House Leagues are the forgotten men as far as organized sports on this campus are concerned. We seldom, if ever hear about them, but they are in operation from the beginning of the year to the end, and they provide many hours of exercise and amusement for the men and women who live in residence.

St. Stephen's College probably has the most efficiently organized house leagues on the Campus. There is an athletic committee of two members, whose duty is to look after the functioning of the various leagues. In the fall, volleyball is played, with usually about six teams entered. Then after Christmas, they play basketball, and for the past two or three years there has been an annual series between the men of St. Stevens, and their neighbors, from St. Joseph's college.

St. Joseph's college boasts the only handball court on the campus, and a handball league is in operation throughout the winter. Then of course they have a basketball league as well. Like St. Stephens, St. Joseph's men have an athletic committee to look after the formation and functioning of these leagues.

In the other residences, Athabasca Hall, Assiniboia Hall, and even Pembina Hall, house leagues are in operation. Basketball is the principle sport, but there are others, such as ping pong, etc.

In all the residences on the campus there are facilities for badminton, ping pong, softball and other games. St. Stephen's college boasts two excellent ping pong tables, and has a good supply of worn out boxing gloves as well. For all that we hear so little about them, the house leagues are going full blast all the time, and produce some very good efforts on the part of the players.

### WOMEN'S HOUSE LEAGUE

Team	Scores	G.P.	W	L	T	P.
Nurses	4	3	0	1	7	
Pi Phis	3	3	0	0	6	
Delta Gammars	4	3	1	0	6	
Tri Deltas	4	2	2	0	4	
Thetas	4	1	3	0	2	
Pembina	5	1	4	0	2	
Townners	4	0	3	1	1	

#### Individual High Scores

	G.P.	P.
Marg Willox	4	29
Marg Hannah	4	24
Peggy Malloy	3	15
Babe McKenzie	3	14

## Ag Activity For Fall Term Reviewed By Ag Student; Enthusiasm Highest Ever

By Ag Student

This year saw the Ags away to a big start when the new enrolment figures showed a Freshman class of over 70, which exceeded the total enrolment in the Faculty of only four years ago. With this large class, enthusiasm mounted in proportion, to climax the growing Faculty spirit of the past years. To date we have experienced one of the most successful semesters in Ag history.

Starting with rugby, we feel proud of having fielded seven men on the Golden Bears. To show our appreciation and keep up the spirit, the rest of the Faculty did themselves proud, under the excellent management of Jack Butterfield, in staging the major portion of one of the most spectacular parades ever to originate on the campus. Lloyd Wilson, president of men's athletics, originated the idea of a big parade. After the Saskatchewan Ags took the prize at the U. of S. parade, our enthusiasm reached new heights, and we went on to repeat their success.

During the class elections, Marion Lockerby carried the Ag banner to new heights when she was the popular choice for the Fresh class executive. Harry Leggett and Sammy Costigan repeated her success and gained the presidency of the Junior Class and Secretaryship of the Senior Class respectively.

A new departure in preserving a living record of campus activities was inaugurated by the Ags this year when Percy Boulton arrived on the campus with his moving picture camera. At a very successful supper on Dec. 7, the shots taken to date were projected for the club. Some members were quite amazed at the antics they went through during the parade and at the game. Jimmy Ross proved to be a stand-out with his cheer-leading, and Bob Christensen can chew a mean wad of gum, not to mention Jim Bonthran's lovely smile. The Professors co-operated very well in making the showing more interesting by lending their personalities to the screen, many of them for the first time. The idea of movies will be carried on in the future so that a very interesting library should be developed in a short time.

Other activities of the Ags this years were in many fields. In dramatics Mac Burka carried off the "Best Actor Award" under the skilled direction of his class-mate Bill Corns. Behind the scenes a stage crew consisting of four Ags, under the capable supervision of Fred Bentley, completed lighting changes that left nothing to be de-

sired. Don Elliot, as treasurer of the Dramatics Club, watched the ducats roll in, while four other Ags collected tickets at the door.

Another successful venture of the Ags, the Bowling League, has turned out to be the envy of many other faculties. Interest is more than keen and scores are watched as zealously as results of final exams. Each week the new standings are posted in the North Lab and there follows much rehashing of the past games and many threats and promises for the future. Jim Hall's team is tied with that of McCallum for leadership and keen rivalry exists with no quarter asked. Percy Boulton's team won two straight ones, of which we heard plenty.

Two teams have been fielded by the Ags in interfac basketball, which shows the spirit of sport is running high in yet another quarter. Soccer and interfac rugby schedules were sadly riddled by unseasonable weather, and although teams were fielded in both leagues, final results were not so good this year.

"A" and "B" teams will be in there fighting for the honors in interfac hockey this year again. In senior hockey Doug Smith and George Stuart are holding positions while Sammy Costigan has assumed the assistant managership, having had to retire from active play due to an eye injury.

Turnouts for basketball were so numerous that two teams were formed in order to accommodate as many as possible. Standout in this activity is Jack Butterfield who has charge of the basketball for the season.

Socially, the spirit of good fellowship and the support of the club has made all ventures something to be remembered. The Freshie Introductory Supper introduced the new members to each other, to the Faculty and to the executive. Following this, a combination Ag House Ec. Freshie dance gave many bewildered and lonesome newcomers a chance to get acquainted with some of the more interesting features of Varsity life. A general supper meeting later on gave the whole faculty a means of getting better acquainted with each other. The informal dance was such an outstanding occasion that it drew many members of other organizations, notably the Engineers and Thetas. Probably the outstanding event of the year for the seniors was the supper party provided for them by Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Sinclair, honorary president of the club.

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